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GERMAN TALES.

Foreign Tales and Traditions, chiefly selected from the Fugitive Literature of Germany. By George G. Cunningham. 2 vols. 8vo. Glasgow, 1829.

It is one of the most prevalent of vulgar errors to look upon fact as having necessarily more truth in it than fiction. The fallacy has arisen from the natural tendency of men to remember only the actual, which happens to be discernible by their senses, and therefore is always present with them, even when they do not think at all, and to forget, or turn away from the possible, which, although revealing itself demonstratively enough to their intellectual being, can neither be seen, nor heard, nor tasted, nor smelled, nor handled. Hence they acquire the habit of limiting their conception of truth also to the actual, and holding nothing to be true except that which is matter of observation or of history. So strong is this prejudice, that most minds probably feel at first some difficulty in regarding even the propositions of the mathematics as perfectly true; it is some time before they bring themselves to believe as firmly that the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right ones, as they do that George IV. succeeded his father George III. Some, perhaps, although capable enough of following the different steps of the reasoning by which the first of these truths is established, never attain to the same degree of faith in it which they have in the other: the reason is, that the matters with which geometry deals, are in reality of the nature of fictions, and as such, beyond the confines within which truth is imprisoned in popular parlance and popular opinions. When it is asserted that the two angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are exactly equal to the one to the other, the statement refers to a merely possible or conceivable state of circumstances, and by no means to any actually existing one; since most assuredly it would not be found to hold good were its correctness to be tried by any isosceles triangle (so called) that human hands ever fashioned; and so, without exception, of all the other statements of the science. They all refer to perfect examples, that is to say, to fictions; for imperfection is the universal characteristic of the actual; one thing being there always so mixed up with, or in some other way pressed upon, and, as it were, forced out of its right and natural shape by another, that none is found exactly itself.

Now this is just the case also with the creations of poetry, and whatever else is more usually called and held to be fiction. The distinction of the mathematics (in respect to this matter) is, that they are conversant only with an ideal, of which the primary or constituted elements are very few, of but one species, connected among themselves by relations of extreme simplicity, and, owing to these peculiarities, both more easily classified by the mind, and finding in general more recognisable representations than other fictions in actual nature. It is this character of its objects that constitutes both the strength and the weakness of the science—both its precision and beautiful luminousness on the one hand, and its narrowness of domain on the other. Poetry is not so imprisoned: its range is over the whole universe of things; hence, as contrasted with the mathematics, its unsusceptibility of scientific exposition, the picturesqueness of its delineations, its passion, its mysteriousness, its etherealism, and all that gives to it alike its dominion over our beating bosoms, and its power of lifting them above beating.

There may be falsehood in what calls itself, or

takes the form of poetry; but then it is not poetry, any more than that would be a piece of mathematical reasoning, which was a rhapsody indeed, about lines and angles, but the different affirmations of which were not connected by any principle of consecutiveness. But this harmony of part is not more necessary in a mathematical demonstration than it is in a poem or a tale, which, let it be even of fancies or diablerie, must still be governed throughout by the rules of that ideal of which it professes to be the exposition. Now we know no higher truth than this harmony, neither in the region of the actual, where the senses are the despotic arbiters, nor in that of the mathematical, where our necessary conceptions regarding the relations of figure and space form the equally absolute standard by which all things must be measured. The rule of poetic truth may be different from the rule of other truth; but it does not follow that it is of less authority, or less entitled to sovereignty in its own world.

Thus much in vindication of the species of composition to which the volumes before us belong, and for which it is the habit of a certain purblind philosophy of our day to affect, we are aware, no little contempt. As for the work itself, Mr. Cunningham, to whom we feel ourselves much indebted for this addition to our literature, shall explain its object in his own words. The following is the commencement of the ably-written remarks with which he introduces his selections:

‘Among the many remarkable circumstances connected with that extraordinary literature which has of late grown up in Germany with such sudden and powerful development, not the least striking is the vast quantity of fugitive matter which is every day evolved from the effervescent intellect of the nation. We have been informed by a learned and intelligent native of that country, that this fact is to be attributed to a certain vivacity of taste, which, in the joy and pride of emancipation from long bondage, distinguishes its reading population to a degree elsewhere unknown. “My Public” in Germany is a book-devouring animal, and does not ruminate. Hence it has happened—if our information is correct—that with all the extraordinary talents to which that country has of late given birth, there is scarcely a single work in its literature which has been able to establish itself as a “standard book,” in our sense of the term,—a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα* as Thucydides styles his immortal history,—or, as Milton in young anticipation speaks of his “adventurous song,” “a work which posterity will not willingly suffer to die.” The idolizing enthusiasm of one generation survives not to another. Kant has resigned the sceptre of philosophy to Jacobi; Klopstock yielded that of poetry to Schiller; even his claims are now in a great degree considered obsolete, and Goethe reigns in his stead. The ruler of the hour’s ascendant in Germany exercises a sort of eclipsing power over all his predecessors, of which we have no example in other countries.

‘Whether this be a symptom of literary constitution which betokens perfect soundness at the core, and promises permanent health for the future, may perhaps be questioned. But certain it is, that in the meanwhile it is productive of an evolution of talent and literary accomplishment unexampled since the days of Athens—where the same peculiarity existed—in rapidity and in copiousness. All the German authors seem to write against Time, for Time with them is an almost infallible destroyer; and hence in the mass of German literature which is destined but to swim for a few years on the surface of that ever-fluctuating public taste, there is to be found an amount of talent and erudition which in our country would have been either carefully husbanded at home, or

at least securely embarked ere it were intrusted to the perilous waters.

‘From the operation of the same causes which have produced these effects even on the more serious and elaborate departments of the Teutonic literature, the department of professedly fugitive productions has been rendered peculiarly rich in quantity, and highly respectable in merit. It is from this department that most of the tales which compose the present volumes have been chiefly selected; and we venture to believe, that in most cases they will be found decidedly above the average value of those productions of a similar kind to which the public taste has been of late so much familiarised, and to which it has shown itself so uniformly indulgent.’—Vol. i, p. i-v.

The two volumes present us with above fifty tales, several of them of considerable length, and, when taken altogether, forming a sample of the fugitive literature of Germany greatly more valuable than any we have hitherto possessed, in point both of extent and variety. Some of them are anonymous; but the greater number are the productions of well-known writers of the last and present age, among whom we find J. F. Jacobs, Steffens, Gottschalk, Grimm, Frederica Lohmann, Caroline Pichler, Tieck, Körner, Klusen, &c. There is diversity enough, too, in the species and character of the tales, and a sufficient intermixture of the serious and the comic to suit all tastes or moods of mind, some of them being passages from the ordinary course of human life, and descriptive of its common joys and sorrows; others pictures of more epic pretension, crowded with the gorgeous shows of chivalry and romance; others nursery legends; others superstitions of the olden time, grim with diablerie, or green and gay with the hues of the land of fairy. So much for the way in which Mr. Cunningham has executed his task as a collector.

The stories, too, in so far as we may judge without reference to the originals, are uncommonly well translated, in so natural and idiomatic a style indeed as to read in general altogether like original compositions, and to convince us that we have not only in every case a correct account of the incidents of the narrative, but at the same time no unfaithful transcript of its spirit and eloquence. We shall endeavour to justify the praise by a few extracts, although we regret that our narrow limits prevent us from presenting in this way any thing like a sufficient illustration of either the entertainment to be found in the work, or the talent with which it is executed. The first passage we give is taken from ‘The Pictures,’ a tale by Ludwig Tieck:

‘Struggling with indescribable emotions, Edward returned home. He rushed furiously into the house,—shut the door violently behind him,—and hastened through the large apartments into a small back-room where old Eulenbock was sitting in the twilight with a glass of strong wine before him. “Here,” exclaimed Edward, “you old crook-nose, you wine-burned rascal,—here is your daub again! Sell it to the soap-boiler; he may use it to light his fire if he fancies it not!”

“That would be a melancholy fate for the dear little picture,” said the old man, pouring out another glass with the greatest composure. “I perceive you have been in a bit of a passion, my dear; has the old boy not come to the scratch with you?”

“Villain!” exclaimed Edward, flinging the picture from him with violence. “And for thy sake I too have become a villain! Insulted,—affronted! Oh, how ashamed am I of myself! It makes me blush and sicken at heart to think that for such a creature as you I have become accessory to such a lie!”

"It is no lie, my dear boy," said the painter, unwrapping the picture; it is as genuine a SALVATOR as I ever executed. You did not see me at work upon it, and consequently you are not to know by whom it was painted. You have not genius enough for your trade, my poor boy. Indeed, I now perceive, I was wrong to intrust the business to you."

"I will be honest!" exclaimed Edward, striking his fist upon the table,—"I will become a reformed character, so that others and myself also may again esteem me! Quite another man I will become! I will commence a new life!"

"And why throw yourself into such a mighty passion about it?" said the old fellow, emptying his glass. "I will not hinder you; indeed I shall be very happy to see it. I have myself exhorted you,—and preached to you,—and tried to instruct you in a profession. Have I not attempted to teach you the art of restoring old paintings—how to prepare varnishes—grind colours,—in short, what pains have I not spared upon you, to make something of you?"

"Dog of a fellow!" exclaimed Edward; "shall I indeed be your waiting-boy,—your colour-grinder? But indeed I have stooped even lower than this to-day, in allowing myself to be made the villain of a villain."

"What insulting airs the child gives itself," calmly responded the painter, casting a look of indifference upon his glass. "Why, now, were one laying such things to heart we might have a fight, and the most implacable ill-will, in the twinkling of an eye! But his passion is well-meant after all; the boy has something noble in his whole manner, though to be sure he is not very fit for picture-selling."

Edward leaned his head upon the table, from which the painter coolly wiped away a spot of wine, lest the youth should stain his sleeve with it.

"This good, dear SALVATOR too," continued the painter in a somewhat thoughtful mood, "is reported to have lived not the most blameless of lives; he is even accused of having become a bandit; and when REMBRANDT, with the view of enhancing the value of his works, gave himself out for dead while he was yet in the body, he likewise did not appear over scrupulous about telling the truth,—though to be sure he did die some years afterwards, and consequently had only miscalculated the date. In like manner, when I, in all love and humility, set about painting such a little piece as this, do I not fancy myself quite into the spirit of the old master with all his fine peculiarities of genius?—Is not the transformation so complete, that I feel as if his precious soul were guiding my hand and brush?—And then, when the picture stands finished and ready before me, methinks it seems to smile its thanks upon me for my kind consideration in having done something in behalf of the old gentleman, who was incapable of accomplishing every thing with his own hands, and could not live for ever.—And then, if I, after comforting myself with a glass of wine, and looking deeper into the merits of my picture, satisfy myself, in an orthodox manner, that it is really the performance of the old gentleman himself, and make it over to a fellow-amateur, only asking a fair price for the trouble I have been put to in allowing my hand to be led and my own genius suppressed in this manner, and for thus contributing to the diminution of my own fame as an original artist,—does all this, I say, my dear boy, amount to such a heaven-crying sin, seeing that I have thus devotedly sacrificed even my own genius?" The painter here raised the drooping head of his companion, but the grotesque grin of his features gave place to a caricatured expression of seriousness, when he beheld the cheeks of the youth wet with tears, which were flowing in unrestrained and burning torrents.

"Oh my lost youth!" sobbed Edward. "Oh golden days, weeks, years, how miserably have I mispent you,—as if the germs of virtue, honour, happiness lay not within your compass!"

Eulensboch knew not how to look, and still less what to say, for such a temper and such feelings were altogether new to him in his young friend.

"So you will become virtuous, child," ejaculated the old fellow after some pause; "very well; truly few people are fonder of virtue than myself; but then it is necessary, you see, that one look about them pretty sharply, were it merely to find out what this something men

virtue is. To scrape together money,—to lend it out usuriously,—to lie to one's self and to Heaven, is surely not virtue; he, however, who has talents for the task, will no doubt discover it somewhere. When I execute for any reasonable man a good SALVATOR or a JULIO ROMANO, with my own hands, and the thing pleases him, I have surely acted more virtuously than if I had sold the dunce a genuine RAPHAEL, of the value of which he is so totally ignorant that a finical VANVERWERF would delight him more! I see I shall now be obliged to sell my great JULIO ROMANO myself, as you have neither skill nor luck enough for such transactions."

"These miserable sophisms of thine," cried Edward, "have no longer any weight with me! Take care lest you yourself be not bitten by them. With novices you may succeed, but not with such as old Walter."

"Peace, child," interrupted the painter; "connoisseurs are just the best people in the world for imposing upon. I would not even condescend to deal with your novices. Why now, there is this identical good old Walter,—this nice little man,—whose beautiful HOLLENBREUGHEL you must have seen—it hangs on the third pillar, between the sketch by RUBENS and the portrait by VANDYKE—that now was a work of mine. I went one day to the dear soul with the picture. 'Do you wish,' said I, 'to purchase something very beautiful?' 'Poh!' cried he, 'such a caricature! What mad work is here! I have no taste for such fancies; but let us examine it. Now really, I generally do not admit such nonsense into my collection; nevertheless, as in this picture there is a little more of grace and design than is generally to be found in this fantastical painter, I shall make an exception in favour of it.'—In short, he finally retained it, and he now exhibits it to people as a proof of the variety of his taste!"

"But don't you wish to become an honest man?" said Edward. "Is it not high time you should think of reforming your ways?"

"My young exhorter," cried the old man, "I have been such for a long time. You don't comprehend the business, and with all your hot spurring you are not yet at the goal. When you have reached the end of your new voyage, and have passed in safety all the rocks and cliffs and beacons that beset your path,—then you may boldly beckon on me, and I may perhaps steer my course towards you. But till then leave me quiet."

"Then our way divides," said Edward, again casting a friendly look upon his companion. "I have lost much, but not all; something yet remains to me from my fortune,—my house. Here I will live in a simple style, and when the prince arrives, I will apply to be appointed his secretary or librarian,—perhaps I shall travel with him,—perhaps at some other place a fortune—or if not, I will look about for some employment in my native town."

"And when is this virtuous life of yours to commence?" inquired the old fellow with a grin.

"Instantly," replied the youth; "to-morrow,—to-day,—this very hour."

"Nonsense," rejoined the painter, shaking his grey head; "for all good resolves there is a fitting season. Before one enters on a new course of life it is right that he should finish the old one with a festival, and in the same way ought he to begin the new. Hear me now, I am so fond of you, that I must insist on your once more giving to us and to your own good taste, a noble entertainment, such a *guadeamus* and *vale* as may make them—and particularly myself—long remember you. Let us be merry far into the night with the best of wine; then you shall strike off to the right hand, and go into the path of virtue and sobriety, and we will remain on the left, where we already are."

"Unconscionable glutton!" exclaimed Edward, unable to repress a laugh at the painter's audacity; "if you can only find a pretext for getting yourself drunk, all is right with you. Let it then be on Twelfth-Night."

"That is still four days off," sighed the liquorish old man, draining his glass to the bottom, and walking slowly out of the room.—Vol. 2, pp. 8—12.

Our limits confine us, for the present, to this single specimen, but the variety of authors, whose works Mr. Cunningham makes known to the English

reader in these volumes, demands further notice, and we shall, therefore, take a future occasion to give one or two more samples of his translations.

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Four Years in Southern Africa. By Couper Rose, Royal Engineers. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley, London, 1829.

IN former days it was not supposed a very easy thing to write a book. Men of deep thought and much learning were considered to acquit themselves pretty well when they produced a volume or two in the course of a long life. A new publication was then actually a rarity. Now, like the pseudo doctor of Molière, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Without any doubt this change has operated generally to our advantage, but not in all particulars. Every man in these times, whatever may be his talents or acquirements, thinks himself called upon to illuminate his fellows. One individual has been in Greece, or in Syria, or in India; the ideas which he has gathered of the nations thus visited are probably wrong in every particular: probably he is incapable of expressing those ideas in language that is intelligible, and yet with no other qualification than that required for admission in the Travellers' Club, he commences as an author. Another person has had less advantages; he has remained from childhood shut up in his own country, perhaps in his closet, but even he can indite a fashionable novel; at the worst he can produce a poem, or a something which his publisher calls one. We believe Theuesus and Orestes were the favoured subjects in the days of Juvenal; the present generation has taken to 'Visions of Heaven and Hell.' By means which have very little relation to literary excellence, the public is made to feel an interest in such things, and no wonder we have books. But the end is not attained without the aid of a very complicated machinery. Amid all the nonsense which has been poured out upon us of late years, there has scarcely been one production so friendless and abandoned but some critical journal, either weekly, monthly, or quarterly, has been ready to help off the sale, by proclaiming it 'a work of great merit, a volume full of entertainment and instruction,'—so completely are the arbiters of such matters in vassalage to the Murrys, the Colburns, and the Longmans of the day.

The book, called 'Four Years in Southern Africa,' has excited us to all these bilious reflections; yet, in spite of them, we are not going to enter upon any immediate condemnation of the author. We dare say that Lieutenant Couper Rose passed among his fair friends of Cape Town as a very sensible and well informed young man; by them, indeed, he may have been voted a philosopher, but we certainly think it was a pity that such persons should have induced him to write a book. We think it a pity, because we are of opinion he will obtain little by it on the score of reputation, and though a little chagrined at having read through his three hundred pages without any adequate reward, we really are prejudiced in his favour; observing, as we do, that with the exception of a little poetical raving and *Rousseauism*, his heart is in the right place; and that though he has approached many dangerous subjects, and observed upon them, he has done so, without the smallest tincture of selfishness, heartlessness, or bigotry.

Mr. Rose is particularly fond of describing scenery; he certainly excels more in this kind of writing than in simple narration; perhaps it would not be doing him injustice to cite the following passages, as among his most pleasing efforts:

'Near the valley is a ravine called the Fransche Hoek Kloof, one of the passes through the mountain barrier, that must be crossed at some point in order to penetrate into the interior of the colony. The road through it is nearly seven miles in length, ascending from the near gorge, that opens into the valley, gradually to the summit, and descending on the other side in the same man-

ner; and in both cases running along the face of one of the steep mountains which form the boundaries of the ravine. This road is itself well worth examining, on account of the difficulty of its execution, and the immense labour bestowed upon it: many parts are cut out of the solid rock, whose high grey crags tower above it; while a parapet wall only separates the travellers from a precipice in whose shadowy depth a stream winds its way far below, through the rocky defile,—so low, that even its roar, when the torrents pour down the steep sides of the ravine, swelling the brown rush of its turbid waters, cannot be heard.

‘I have been among higher mountains than those of this wild pass; but under some effects of light and shade, I know not that I ever saw a scene more gloomily impressive.

‘I have ridden through it when the sun stood high in the heavens, and I looked around in vain for shelter from its tremendous power, when objects seemed to waver before the eyes in the bright and sultry stillness; and my horse, with drooping ears, and feeble step and frequent halt, slowly and painfully toiled up the steep ascent; while all nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to yield to the scorching influence: when the stunted shrubs and geraniums that clothe the face of the mountain were parched, and the various proteas that shoot out from the fissures of the rocks, were twisted and wreathed into strange fantastic forms, and black as from the effects of fire.

‘I have ridden through it when the sun was declining, and one side of the ravine was in gloom, and threw its broad deep shadow over the hollow; and where it contracted, and the high barriers approached each other, it was strange to mark the mimic resemblance of cliff and pinnacled crags traced in cold grey shade upon the side, whose summits yet shone in the golden light of evening. It was like the dim chilliness of age contrasted with the fairy colouring of youth. The only living thing I saw was of a nature to add to the stern, solitary character of the scene—a vulture, which, in turning a projection of rock, I startled from its feast: it rose slowly from the carcass, spreading its broad grey wings, and swept over me with a rushing sound, sailing up the ravine, and disappearing in the deep misty blue of the perspective.’—Pp. 17–19.

Again,—

‘Look too at that clump of tall, thin, graceful stems diminishing by beautiful gradations, crowned with light flexile branches, thinner even than the slender willow-like leaves with which they are covered, glancing in every touch of light, and quivering in every breeze: that is the bamboo. There is the orange-tree, where the fruit and the blossom mingle; the lemon, the plum, the peach, the pomegranate, the almond; and do not despise that thinly-leaved tree and that black shrivelled fruit: it is the fig,—and in England you know not what a fig is;—but, to be perfect, it should be plucked in the morning, before the sun has reached it. I have not named the vine, though we are surrounded by vineyards, which resemble those of France, and have nothing picturesque in their appearance: long regular lines of stumps, in winter bare and black, and in summer thickly covered with leaves and purple clusters. The plant is ugly, the fruit fine, and the wine which is made from it generally execrable. This it has been attempted to account for in several ways, but none, I think, satisfactory. I merely state the fact, which you who have drunk the trash which at English country inns goes by the name of Madeira, are as good a judge of as myself. I speak only of the common wine of the country; for there are some kinds pleasant and refreshing, which the farmers near Cape Town take considerable pains to improve, though none have yet been able to discard that undefinable flavour which belongs to all the wines of the country.’—Pp. 26, 27.

We will not venture to assert, in opposition to the authority of a gentleman who has spent four years at Cape Town, that in England we do know what a fig is; but we may be permitted, for the honour of our own figs, to observe that we could never discover, in any part of the Mediterranean, figs superior either in flavour or magnitude to those which are grown on the southern coast of this Is-

land. He is certainly right, however, about the wine of the Cape.

For our own parts, we never were particularly partial to Mr. Barrow's colony at the Cape. In the first place, slavery in its most frightful form exists there; and in a new country, when the wages of labour are necessarily very high, slavery would be found an institution far too profitable to the landholder, to render it very probable that any measures of Government would get rid of it where it had once taken root. In the next place, (we omit all objections relating to geographical position,) the means by which the country was obtained, and by which it has been successively increased, are shocking to humanity. Mr. Rose asserts, ‘The Dutch Border farmers are said to have slaughtered the natives without mercy; to have destroyed them as they destroyed the wolf. But at no period since the English have been in possession has wanton cruelty been committed, but the natives have at different times been driven back from boundary to boundary, and military posts have been established in the country from which they have been expelled. Orders too have been issued that all Kaffres appearing within the proclaimed line should be shot.’ Now, without pausing to offer any observations on the singular injustice and barbarity implied in this little sentence, we will take the liberty of doubting if the military gentleman be not altogether in error with respect to his former assertion.—Dr. Philip, to whom the public is much indebted for a most able and comprehensive work on this colony, states over and over again, that wanton cruelties on the most extensive scale had been perpetrated there up to the re-creation of the late unimpeached governor; and we believe that had Mr. Buxton not been induced to withdraw his motion relative to the Cape, at the instance of the present enlightened Secretary for the Colonies, a series of cruelties would have been brought to light perfectly unequalled in the bloody annals of the Dutch and Spanish history. It has sometimes been urged in palliation of acknowledged barbarities, that the Hottentots had stolen the cattle of the settlers, and that signal chastisement was necessary to protect property in future, but let us look a little to facts. When a pastoral people have been dispossessed by new settlers of their pastures, and stripped of all their cattle, it is not very astonishing that, in order to live, they become thieves, but the Europeans (English as well as Dutch) pressed matters a little further; they pursued the unhappy fugitives to the rocks and mountains, they destroyed them like beasts of prey—perhaps sometimes because a few cows had been stolen—more frequently for the sake of diversion they surrounded whole tribes of poor wretches in their kraals, and annihilated them *en masse*, men, women, and children—they left not a soul alive. This was diversion, and such were the means by which the new colony was extended, and the natural hatred which all this engendered in the heart of the native, gave rise to the idea that the Hottentot was by nature a robber and a murderer, a man whom it was impossible to subdue or to civilise. Very astonishing, it certainly was, that the plan here resorted to, did not at once render the Hottentot in love with civilisation and the Europeans.

After a great deal of unimportant and uninteresting matter, we come to a description of hunting the elephant, which will be found really entertaining.

‘When the elephants do not fall after frequent firing, it is thought to be fate; and Skipper quits the bush, and returns hopeless. The Hottentots generally wear charms about them; and a common one is the wood found in the head of the elephant. “Ay, I have heard of that wood,” I said. “To-morrow, I shall probably be able to show it you,” replied the hunter.

‘Well, to-morrow came, and we took an early breakfast, and prepared for our sport. “I will not again trust to my own legs,” I said, “but to those of my horse.” “He will be of little service to you near the elephants,” replied the hunter: “fear deprives horses of all power; and I have seen them lie down under the bush to conceal themselves, crouching like dogs;—however, if you like, you can ride until you come near them.”

‘We crossed the Fish River, and directed our course

to its junction with the Kar, through a country strongly resembling that I have already described,—hills and hollows, covered with dusky-green bush, and traversed by elephant paths; while at times we came on the dark, deep, shadowy side of a kloof, or caught a gleam of the river winding its serpent way far below us. As we moved on, the noise of the honey-bird was heard, which a Hottentot quickly answered by a whistle, and followed, still whistling his response to every note; and the bird conducted him to the nest, which, unfortunately, overhung a cliff far out of reach, baffling both bird and follower. I have several times known the Hottentots pursue these winged messengers, and seldom return empty-handed.

‘The greater part of the day was spent in fruitless search, and the shadows had shifted before the quick-sighted Hottentots had discovered any recent traces; at length, one of them pointed to a distant, high, rocky hill on the opposite side of the Kar River, and forming a continuation to its steep-wooded bank. We descended from the range of hills we had been skirting, reached the river, crossed it, and commenced the steep ascent: the low ground we had lately been traversing, and the abrupt banks of the stream, had intercepted our view of the elephants; but on mounting the summit of the hill, we saw them plainly. Here, those who were riding dismounted, and tied their horses to bushes, turning their heads from the point of attack, and lighting round them the elephants’ dried dung—that, in the event of the animals charging that way, they might be safe—left them, and moved cautiously and silently forward.

‘As we approached, we counted nine or ten, whose backs rose above the high bush that clothed the side of the steep kloof in which they were feeding. We walked quickly forward, until we got immediately above them. The two Hottentots halted, and took their posts; while the hunter, my companion and myself, pursued our course; the surrounding bush and euphoria were too thick to see any thing, but we heard them close below us quietly browsing on the boughs of the Spekboom, their favourite food. We heard a shot,—another, and then a tremendous rush, as the elephants passed by us through the bush; the hunter fired without success; and I had not time to bring my gun to my shoulder before they were gone; the whole was a thing of a few seconds. We followed, D— lighting the bush around us; and descending into the hollow, we again heard a shot, and having skirted round the small kloof, returned to the point from which we started.

‘The effect of the firing was the death of three; they were small, the largest not being above nine feet in height. I sat on one while they searched for the wood in his head. It lies about an inch beneath the skin, imbedded in fat, just above the eye, and has the appearance of a thorn, or a small piece of twig broken off; some are without it; and on examining the spot minutely, we found that there was a small opening in the skin, a large pore it may be; and I conceive, that this phenomenon is simply accounted for, by the twig breaking in this hole, when the animal is in the act of rubbing his head against the bushes. That it is wood is certain; and that it is a charm of power, the natives consider no less so.

‘Having horses to carry away the spoil, we opened one of the elephants, and took out the heart; part of which—for the whole was enormous—we intended to take with us; his trunk, at least the upper part of it, was then laid by, and one of his feet completed our stock of provisions, which were bound together by a strip cut from his large flappy ear. The hunter marked their tusks; we took possession of their tails, and left the remainder a prey to the wolf and the vulture.

‘The sun was fast sinking, and we were far from our bivouac: the party separated, my companion D— and Skipper returning on foot; while the little boy, a Hottentot, and myself, pursued our way on horseback. All was shadow on the low grounds before we reached the river, though the evening sun still threw its yellow light upon the green summits of the hills. Twice did we attempt the river, and twice turned to seek a safer passage. Here there is no twilight, and night was coming quickly on, and the water looked doubly dark from the thick overhanging foliage, while here and there the spectre-like form of a scathed and blighted tree shone white amidst the surrounding gloom.

* In seeking for a short path homeward, the Hottentot, who had never been in the country before, got bewildered, and fairly owned that he knew not where we were; at length, however, we crossed a stream, and found, from the noises in the bush around us, that we were following the track of the elephants. The little boy and the Hottentot consulted together, and were evidently at a loss, and I had the prospect before me of another fasting night; when, after many turns, one of which would have been sufficient to puzzle me, I thought that the Hottentot's pace became quicker and more decided; presently, we heard the rush of a river, which we crossed, and, ascending the opposite bank, looked down upon the blaze of light from our night-fires, which threw a murky red glow on the surrounding bushes, and heard the dogs' welcome bark.—Pp. 232—233.

We have no space for more. The book has probably beguiled, in its composition, many hours which persons similarly situated to Mr. Rose spend in less worthy occupations, and it will be found as interesting, and more instructive to ordinary readers, than half the books that proceed from the fashionable press.

THE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.

The Landscape Annual for 1830. Jennings. London.

MANY circumstances combine to ensure to this splendid annual a degree of encouragement which, perhaps, no publication of its class has hitherto enjoyed. The masterly drawings of Prout, so well known and so justly popular; the beauty of natural scenery—the effects so surpassingly picturesque, of the subjects on which the pencil of that artist has been so happily employed; the interest, whether romantic or historical, attached to most of the scenes which he places before us; the gratification which those who have travelled must derive from the contemplation of pictures at once so vivid and so true of spots which have excited their admiration and enthusiasm, and with which so many delightful reminiscences are necessarily associated, unite with the name of the editor and the knowledge of his sound and long-approved judgment and taste, to recommend Mr. Roscoe's 'Tourist in Switzerland and Italy' to almost universal favour.

Nor will the most sanguine anticipations be disappointed by the publication. The route from Geneva to Rome has furnished subjects for six-and-twenty plates, to which it would be absolutely impossible to find equals in beauty and local interest in any country in the world. The former of these characters is sufficiently attested by the drawings; proofs of the latter it has been the particular province of the editor to supply. The task was one which required considerable skill, and it will not escape the readers of 'The Tourist' to observe the tact with which the author of the literary portion of the work has contrived to give a freshness to many subjects which have been much hacknied of late years, to seize the most interesting points connected with the history of the scenes he has undertaken to illustrate, and to introduce the particulars which he has thought most worthy of being dwelt on in such a manner, that often as the attention may have been already called to the same subjects, no regret is felt at meeting with them once again. The draughts he has made on ancient tourists are not the least valuable part of this work; and while they show the industry and reading of the editor, form an agreeable change to the accounts with which the public have of late been well nigh satiated, of modern travellers. A considerable portion of original matter, moreover, appears to us to be interspersed through these pages. Of this class, among many other passages, we consider the concise historical sketch of Milan, which we extract:

* It must be said, to the honour of Milan, that its inhabitants are distinguished for their generous support of any great undertaking or institution which may tend in any way to promote public comfort. Among their charitable institutions, that of the Ospedal Maggiore de-

serves particular notice, on account both of the splendid manner in which it has been endowed by the piety of the Milanese, and of the liberality with which the needy are supported, and the miseries of life softened or remedied. To the public spirit of the Milanese, in patronizing whatever is noble and useful, the world owes the most perfect collection of historical monuments respecting the middle ages that any nation can boast of. We allude to the "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," edited by the learned Muratori, assisted by Sassi and Argelati. The plan of this work was formed by Muratori, when one of the doctors of the Ambrosian Library, together with his two associates above mentioned. A very great number of historical documents inserted in that collection were copied from the MSS. of that library, and, to meet the enormous expense caused by the printing, a society was formed at Milan, the individuals of which, who called themselves Socii Palatini, entered into a subscription for this purpose, and by their liberality the edition was published.

* The scientific traveller who visits Milan will find that the principles of hydrostatics and hydraulics have never been better practically applied than in Lombardy, the fertile plains of which are, in many parts, skilfully irrigated. When he inspects at Milan the two canals, that of the Mantovana, and that of Pavia, he will be delighted in thinking that they are two of the oldest works of this kind; and that it was on the former that those ingenious contrivances by which boats ascend hills, or descend into valleys (we mean locks,) were first applied by their inventors. The canal of Pavia, which forms a communication between Milan and this city, by which merchandizes are conveyed from the Ticino into the Po, and thence to Venice, was completed only twelve years ago. It is, however, many centuries since its commencement. On a bridge within Milan, which crosses this canal, the following event took place in 1373.

* Bernabò Visconti, Duke of Milan, having incurred the Pope's displeasure with respect to some political transactions and alliances which were considered injurious to the court of Rome, his holiness Urban V. the reigning pontiff, sent the Cardinal Belfort and the Abbot of Farfa to expostulate with the duke; directing that if he did not yield to the pontifical commands, he should be excommunicated. The ambassadors were well received, but completely failed in their negotiation; and, according to their orders, solemnly delivered into Bernabò's hands the bull of excommunication. He received it very quietly, placing it, without the least observation, in his vest. The ambassadors then took leave, and he, as if to pay them honour, accompanied them with a large retinue towards the gate by which they were to return.

* On the party arriving on the bridge above mentioned, the duke stopped, and abruptly said to the ambassadors, "Gentlemen, will you eat or drink? for I am determined that you must do either the one or the other before you leave this bridge."

* The two prelates, surprised at this address, consulted a little while together, not knowing well what to think of the proposal; then one of them answered, "My lord, in a place like this, where there is so much water at hand, we prefer eating to drinking."

* Upon which the duke, drawing from his vest the bull of excommunication, rejoined, "Then eat the bull which you have delivered to me."

* It was in vain that the two ambassadors remonstrated, and threatened him with divine punishment. Bernabò was not a man whose conscience could be moved by such fears; he peremptorily insisted; and both the cardinal and the abbot, to escape their lives, were actually obliged to devour not only the bull, which was, of course, written on parchment, but the ribbons by which the seals were appended, and the very seals themselves; after which they were allowed to return to their sovereign.

* About a century afterwards the tragic death of Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, killed by a party of young men, full of patriotism and the love of liberty, turned all eyes upon this city.

* Galeazzo Sforza, Lord of Milan, united to great talents the most profligate character. Cruel, licentious, false, and violent, he not only delighted in shedding blood, but even in a refinement of torture. He caused some of his victims to be buried alive, others to die of hunger. A peasant on being convicted of killing a hare, was obliged to eat it up raw, skin and all. Three young men, Gio-

vanni Andrea Lampugnani, Carlo Visconti, and Girolamo Olgiati, who had been educated by Cola Montani, a celebrated professor of literature, in a Spartan manner, joined together to destroy this monster. Montani, who was full of Grecian and Roman literature, strongly impressed upon his pupils that it was in a free country that those great men had flourished whose deeds we now read of with such admiration; insisting that the first act was to free the country from tyrants. The conspiracy was agreed upon between these three young men, and kept for many months secret, without an occasion presenting itself for carrying it into execution. At length it was reported that the duke intended going to St. Stephen's church on that Saint's day, the 26th December, 1476, and in that place they determined upon killing him. Early in the morning they went to the church, prayed that Heaven would bless their undertaking, which they considered not only just but holy; begged St. Stephen to forgive them if in so pious a cause they were obliged to pollute his church with blood; and, besides the usual prayers, they addressed to this saint a peculiar petition, purposely written for the occasion by Visconti. On the duke entering the temple, they immediately killed him. Lampugnani was slain on the spot by a Moorish servant of the duke's; Visconti was soon afterwards taken and put to death. Olgiati, taken the last of all, was likewise put to death with the most horrible tortures. A confession, or rather statement of the conspiracy, drawn up from the relation of Olgiati, then twenty-two years of age, by order of his judges, and in the agonies of torments, still exists, in which a man of extraordinary fortitude is recognised. He never appears once to repent of what he has done. He met his death with the courage of a martyr, and the resignation of a Christian, but he never acknowledged himself guilty before God of what he had done. "I know," he said to the priest who attended him during the excruciating torments by which he was put to death, "that my poor body deserves this and greater punishment, if it could bear it, for my sins. But for the glorious deed for which I suffer, I hope to be rewarded by the Almighty; for I know the purity of my motives. I would suffer a thousand times the same death cheerfully; and were I to die and revive again ten times, I would ten times do the same." He only once moaned, but he soon checked himself, saying, "Collige te, Hieronymus; habet vetus memoria facti: mors acerba, fama perpetua." His undaunted stoicism was the means of accelerating his death, as the executioners themselves were moved by it, and it was thought that his example might be dangerous. An epigram which he composed when he heard from the place where he was concealed the noise of the mob dragging along the streets the body of his friend Lampugnani, has been preserved.

"Quem non armatæ potuerunt mille phalanges
Sterere, privata Galeaz Dux Sfortia dextra
Concidit: atque illum minime juvere cadentem
Astantes famuli, nec opes, nec castra, nec urbes.
Unde pater sævo tutum nil esse tyranno."

* But the consequences of Galeazzo's death were far different from what the conspirators expected. His eldest son, then eight years of age, was nominally his successor, but the throne was usurped by Ludovico the Moor, an abominable traitor, to whom Italy owed the invasion of Charles VIII. of France. Ludovico by that invasion, in the end, lost both his throne and his liberty, and it is from that time that an incessant succession of misfortunes and calamities has poured upon Italy. Milan, after many vicissitudes, became an Austrian province, and afterwards, under Napoleon, was the capital of the little kingdom of Italy. In 1814 it returned under the yoke of its former master, the German emperor, who, by the iron rod with which he rules Lombardy, and more particularly Milan, amply revenges the humiliations to which his predecessor, Frederic Barbarossa, was of old subjected by the Lombards, more especially by the then brave Milanese. From the loss of its independence, Milan, like the rest of Italy, has fallen into complete oblivion with respect to the civilized world. Despotism has effeminized the people, blighted their glory, and dried up every source of opulence. Nothing that formed the ancient renown of Milan, even in a commercial point of view, now remains. Its rich manufactories, both of swords and armour, so famous through all the world, have now disappeared; a

person surveying Milan in its present state will scarcely believe that a spirit of industry and commercial enterprise was ever cultivated in a place now debased and ruined by a degrading government. It is scarcely then worth while to notice the idleness of the assertion so often repeated, that no man of talents is to be reckoned among the Milanese. The city, where the Emperors Julian the Apostate and Maximian were born, and among the names of whose native citizens we meet with those of Marchal Trivulgio, and in more modern times of Beccaria and Verri, of Farini and Favaroni, of Manzoni and Grossi—this city cannot in fairness be accused of not having contributed its full share to the glorious list of names which shed so much lustre (the only consolation of which that unhappy country cannot be deprived, either by Jesuitical cunning or by Austrian feudality) on the Ausonian peninsula.—Pp. 123—129.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREECE.

A Sketch of the Political History of Ancient Greece.
By A. H. L. Heeren, Professor of History in the University of Göttingen, &c. Translated from the German. 8vo. pp. 296. Talboys, Oxford, 1829.

WE cannot but consider it as unfortunate that so little has been done in the way of honest and intelligent criticism on the Germans. Even in periodical works of high character they are either absurdly condemned or intemperately and thoughtlessly panegyrised. One party stand on their own firm English ground, and contented with their vantage-place, refuse to look abroad at other regions than ours. The others, a smaller and more peculiar class, seem inclined to abandon their natural position, as Englishmen, and to become mere imitators of Goethe and expounders of Kant. To us we confess it appears that the latter are even more wrong-headed and dangerous persons than the former: and not the least evil wrought by them, is the disinclination which they produce among the mass of instructed Englishmen, towards any fair examination whatever of German literature. This is particularly to be lamented, because if the German mind were not valuable in itself, and as a final object of study, it would yet be of the highest worth as an instrument for supplying us with knowledge of other nations and modes of culture than its own. If not a star it may be a telescope; if not a landscape of native richness and beauty, a camera obscura, in which the forms of antiquity and the historic aspects of civilisation are clearly and vividly represented.

Comparatively nothing has as yet been accomplished towards bringing the mere English reader acquainted with the great German historians. The labour of Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall has indeed been worthily bestowed, and thanks to them, antiquity has begun to be regarded among us in another light than that supplied by Hooke, Ferguson, Goldsmith, or Mitford. But the translations from Herder and Müller have been almost entirely neglected; and until the appearance of the volume now before us, it seemed as if Niebuhr would alone, among the German historians, have obtained the admiration of Englishmen.

The writings of Professor Heeren, are likely, we think, to do away with some disagreeable impressions, very general among us, with regard to his literary countrymen, and which the great work of Niebuhr, with all its merits, is perhaps more likely to foster than to destroy. For, with the profound views, the unmeasured learning, the noble enthusiasm, the earnest sympathy with his subject and entire comprehension of it displayed by that great writer, there is mingled a harshness and obscurity of expression, a stern dogmatism, a dislike to straightforward narration, and above all, a presumption of learning in the reader, which make his book unduly repulsive in the eyes of many a student. There is less of narration in Heeren than in Niebuhr, but in every other particular his works

seem to us likely to be far more popular than those of the historian of Rome. His style is remarkably clear and pleasant, his learning abundant, and above all, he is replete with the spirit of ancient society, without ever losing sight of the advantages with which modern thought supplies the historian of antiquity. His views with regard to government, commerce, and manners, are excellent, and supply a most valuable counterpoise to the exclusive and narrow opinions of some late politicians and economists. At the same time it must be remembered, that he who writes on the political history of Ancient Greece, treats of a subject only remotely applicable to any modern interests or purposes, and turns aside from the examination of that philosophy and those arts which are of universal and imperishable worth. It is, however, certain that the comprehension of Plato and Sophocles, and the employment of them for our profit, depends on their being studied in the same spirit of sympathy and intelligence with which Professor Heeren has investigated the constitutions and history of the ancient world. Nor could such a work as his be anywhere of greater value than in a nation among whom the volumes of Mr. Mitford are still the most popular authority on the affairs of Greece.

The first extract which we shall make from this interesting volume, relates to the age of Homeric tradition, which has been well thought of by the author, and in which he never seems to us to err, except when he a little overlooks the difference of the periods and states of manners exhibited in those noble Ionian remains.

‘Greece, even in those times, was a thickly peopled and well cultivated country. What a crowd of cities is enumerated by Homer! And we must not imagine these to have been open towns with scattered habitations. The epithets applied to them frequently prove the reverse. They are in part surrounded with walls; have gates and regular streets. Yet the houses stood by themselves; having in front a court, and in the rear a garden. Such, at least, were the houses of the chief persons. Others appear to have stood directly on the street, without any court in front. In the middle of the city there was a public square, or market-place; the common place of assembly for the citizens, whether on solemn occasions, or for deliberation, or courts of justice, or any other purpose. It was surrounded with seats of stone, on which the distinguished men were wont, on such occasions, to take their places. No trace is to be found of any pavement in the streets.

‘The different branches of agriculture had already made great progress. Property in land was universal; of which the boundaries were fixed by measurement, and often designated by stones. The poet describes to us the various labours of farming, ploughing, both with oxen and mules, sowing, reaping, binding the sheaves, and treading out the corn by oxen on the threshing-floor. Nor does he omit to mention the culture of the grape, the tilling of gardens, and the various duties of the herdsmen. It may be doubted whether the soil was much better cultivated in the most flourishing period of Greece.

‘The houses of the heroes were large and spacious, and at the same time suited to the climate. The court was surrounded by a gallery, round which the bed-chambers were built. The entrance from the court to the hall was direct, which was the common place of resort. Moveable seats (*θρόνοι*) stood along the sides of the walls. Every thing shone with brass. On one side was a place of deposit, where the arms were kept. In the back ground was the hearth, and the seat for the lady of the mansion, when she made her appearance below. Several steps led from thence to a higher gallery, near which were the chambers of the women, where they were employed in household labours, especially in weaving. Several out-houses for the purpose of grinding and baking were connected with the house; others for the common habitations of the male and female slaves; and also stables for the horses. The stalls for cattle were commonly in the fields.’—Pp. 73, 79.

‘The art of weaving, the chief occupation of the women, was even then carried to a high degree of perfection. The stuffs were of wool and linen; it is hard to

decide how far cotton was in those times manufactured in Greece. Yet garments of foreign manufacture, those of Egypt and Sidon, were esteemed the most beautiful. The dress was decent, but free. The female sex were by no means accustomed to conceal the countenance, but were clad in long robes; both sexes wore an under garment, over which the broad garment was thrown.

‘The internal regulations of families were simple, but not without those peculiarities which are a natural consequence of the institution of slavery. Polygamy was not directly authorised; but the sanctity of marriage was not considered as violated by the intercourse of the husband with female slaves. The noble characters of Andromache and Penelope exhibit, each in its way, models of elevated conjugal affection. It is more difficult for us, with our feelings, to understand the seduced and the returning Helen; and yet if we compare Helen, the beloved of Paris in the Iliad, with Helen, the spouse of Menelaus in the Odyssey, we find truth and harmony in the character which could err indeed, but never lose the generosity and nobleness of its nature. It is a woman, who, having become in youth the victim of sensuality, first repented, and returned to reason, before she was compelled to do so by age. Even after her return from Troy she was still most beautiful, (for who would think of counting her years?) And yet even then the two sexes stood to each other in the same relation which continued in later times. The wife was a housewife, and nothing more. Even the sublime Andromache, after that parting, which will draw tears as long as there are eyes which can weep and hearts which can feel, is sent back to the apartments of the women, to superintend the labours of the maid-servants. Still we observe in her a conjugal love of an elevated character. In other instances love has reference, both with mortals and with immortals, to sensual enjoyment; although in the noble and uncorrupted vestal characters, as in the amiable Nausicaa, it was united with that bashfulness which accompanies maiden youth. But we meet with no trace of those elevated feelings, that romantic love, as it is improperly termed, which results from a higher regard for the female sex. That love and that regard are traits peculiar to the Germanic nations, a result of the spirit of gallantry which was a leading feature in the character of chivalry, but which we vainly look for in Greece. Yet in this respect the Greek stands between the east and the west. Although he was never wont to reverence women as beings of a higher order, he did not, like the Asiatic, imprison them by troops in a harem.

‘The progress which had been made in social life is visible in nothing more distinctly, except the relative situation of the sexes, than in the tone of conversation among men. A solemn dignity belonged to it even in common intercourse; the style of salutation and address is connected with certain forms; the epithets with which the heroes honoured each other were so adopted into the language of intercourse, that they are not unfrequently applied even where the language of reproach is used. Let it not be said that this is merely the language of epic poetry. The poet never could have employed it if it original, and a taste for it, had not already existed. If the tone of intercourse is a measure of the social, and, in a certain degree, of the moral improvement of a nation, the Greeks of the heroic age were already vastly elevated beyond their earlier savage state.

‘To complete the picture of these it is necessary to speak of the military system. The heroic age of the Greeks, considered from this point of view, exhibits a mixture of savageness and magnanimity, and the first outlines of the laws of nations. The enemy who had been slain was not secure against outrage, and yet the corpse was not always abused. The conquered party offered a ransom; and it depended on the victor to accept or refuse it. The arms, both of attack and defence, were of iron or brass. No hero appeared, like Hercules of old, with a club and lion’s skin for spear and shield. The art of war, so far as it relates to the position and erecting of fortified camps, seems to have been first invented at the siege of Troy. In other respects every thing depended on the goodness of the arms and accoutrements, together with personal courage and strength. As the great majority of the combatants were without defensive armour, and as only a few were completely equipped, one

armed man outweighed a host of the rest. But only the leaders were thus armed; and they, standing on their chariots of war (for cavalry was still unknown), fought with each other in the space between the parties. If they were victorious they spread panic before them; and it became easy for them to break through the ranks. But we will pursue no farther the description of scenes which every one prefers to read in the poet himself.

As the crusades were the fruit of the great revolution in the social condition of the west, so the Trojan war resulted from the same causes in Greece. It was necessary that a fondness for adventures in foreign lands should be awakened; expeditions by sea, like that of the Argonauts, be attended with success; and a union of the heroes, as in that and the march against Thebes, be first established, before such an undertaking could become practicable. But now it resulted so naturally from the whole condition of things, that, though its object might have been a different one, it must have taken place even without a Helen.

The expedition against Troy, like the crusades, was a voluntary undertaking on the part of those who joined in it; and this circumstance had an influence on all its internal arrangements. The leaders of the several bands were voluntary followers of the Atreides, and could therefore depart from the army at their own pleasure. It is more difficult to ascertain the precise relation of the leaders to their people; and he who should undertake to describe every thing minutely, would be most sure of falling into error. There were certainly control and obedience. The troops follow their leaders and leave the battle with them. But much even of this seems to have been voluntary; and the spirit of the age allowed no such severe discipline as exists in modern armies. None but a Thersites could have received the treatment of Thersites.

This undertaking, begun and successfully terminated by united exertions, kindled the national spirit of the Greeks. On the fields of Asia the several races had for the first time been assembled, for the first time saluted each other as brethren. They had fought and had conquered in company. Yet something was still wanting to preserve the flame which was just blazing up. The assistance of the muse was needed to commemorate in words those events of which the memory will never die away, but will rather increase in each successive age.—Pp. 30—34.

The following extract is taken from an admirable chapter on the statesmen of Athens, and ought for ever to obliterate the libel on Demosthenes, in what is called by courtesy, 'Mitford's History of Greece.'

Nothing could be more superfluous, than the desire of becoming the eulogist of that great master, whom the united voice of so many ages has declared to be the first; and whose panegyric the only rival whom antiquity had placed by his side, has pronounced in a manner to once accurate and honourable to both. We would not here speak of Demosthenes the orator, but of Demosthenes the statesman; and of him only as far as the man, the orator, and the statesman were intimately combined. His political principles emanated from the depth of his soul; he remained true to his feelings and his convictions, amidst all changes of circumstances and all threatening dangers. Hence he was the most powerful of orators; because with him there was no surrender of his conviction, no partial compromise; in a word, no trace of weakness. This is the real essence of his art; every thing else was but secondary. And in this how far does he rise above Cicero! And yet who ever suffered more severely than he for his greatness? Of all political characters, Demosthenes is the most sublime and purely tragic character, with which history is acquainted. When still trembling with the vehement force of his language, we read his life in Plutarch; when we transfer ourselves into his times and his situation; we are carried away by a deeper interest than can be excited by any hero of the epic muse or of tragedy. From his first appearance till the moment when he swallowed poison in the temple, we see him contending against destiny, which seems to mock him with malignant cruelty. It throws him to the ground, but never subdues him. What a crowd of emotions must have struggled through his manly breast amidst this interchange of reviving and expiring hopes!

How natural was it, that the lines of melancholy and of indignation, such as we yet behold in his bust, should have been imprinted on his severe countenance! Hardly had he passed the years of youth, when he appeared in his own behalf as accuser of his faithless guardians; from whom, however, he was able to rescue only a small part of his patrimony. In his next attempts, insulted by the multitude, though encouraged by a few who anticipated his future greatness, he supported an obstinate contest with himself, till he gained the victory over his own nature. He now appeared once more as an accuser in public prosecutions, before he ventured to speak on the affairs of the state. But in the very first of his public speeches we see the independent statesman, who, without being dazzled by splendid projects, opposes a vast undertaking. When Philip soon after displayed his designs against Greece by his interference in the Phocian war, he for the first time came forward against that prince in his first Philippic oration. From this period he was engaged in the great business of his life. Sometimes as counselor, sometimes as accuser, sometimes as ambassador, he protected the independence of his country against the Macedonian policy. Splendid success seemed at first to reward his exertions. He had won a number of states for Athens; when Philip invaded Greece, he had succeeded not only in gaining over the Thebans, but in kindling their enthusiasm; when the day of Chaeronea overthrew all his hopes. But he courageously declares in the assembly of the people, that he still does not repent of the counsels which he had given. An unexpected incident changes the whole aspect of things. Philip falls the victim of assassination; and a youth, as yet but little known, is his successor. Immediately Demosthenes institutes a second alliance of the Greeks; but Alexander suddenly appears before Thebes; the terrible vengeance which he here takes, instantly destroys the league; Demosthenes, Lycurgus, and several of their supporters, are required to be delivered up; but Demades was at that time able to settle the difficulty and to appease the king. His strength was therefore enfeebled, as Alexander departed for Asia; he begins to raise his head once more, when Sparta attempts to throw off the yoke; but under Antipater he is overpowered. Yet it was about this time that, by the most celebrated of his orations, he gained the victory over the most eloquent of his adversaries; and Eschines was forced to depart from Athens. But this seems only to have the more embittered his enemies, the leaders of the Macedonian party; and they soon found an opportunity of preparing his downfall. When Harpalus, a fugitive from the army of Alexander, came with his treasures to Athens, and the question arose, whether he could be permitted to remain there, Demosthenes was accused of having been corrupted by his money, at least to be silent. This was sufficient to procure the imposition of a fine; and as this was not paid, he was thrown into prison. From thence he succeeded in escaping; but to the man who lived only for his country, exile was no less an evil than imprisonment. He resided for the most part in Ægina and at Træzen, from whence he looked with sad eyes towards the opposite shores of Attica. Suddenly and unexpectedly a new ray of light dawned upon him. Tidings were brought that Alexander was dead. The moment of deliverance seemed at hand; anxiety pervaded every Grecian state; the ambassadors of the Athenians passed through the cities; Demosthenes joined himself to the number, and exerted all his eloquence and power to unite them against Macedon. In requital for such services, the people decreed his return; and years of sufferings were at last followed by a day of exalted compensation. A galley was sent to Ægina to bring back the advocate of liberty. All Athens was in motion; no magistrate, no priest remained in the city, when it was reported that Demosthenes was advancing from the Priæus. Overpowered by his feelings, he extended his arms and declared himself happier than Alcibiades; for his countrymen had recalled him, not by compulsion, but from choice. It was a momentary glimpse of the sun, which still darker clouds were soon to overshadow. Antipater and Craterus were victorious; and with them the Macedonian party at Athens; Demosthenes and his friend were numbered among the accused, and at the instigation of Demades were condemned to die. They had already withdrawn in secret from the city; but where could they find a place of refuge? Hyperides with two

others fled to Ægina and took refuge in the temple of Ajax. In vain! They were torn away, dragged before Antipater, and executed. Demosthenes had escaped to the island Calauria in the vicinity of Træzen, and taken refuge in the temple of Neptune. It was to no purpose that Archias, the satellite Antipater, urged him to surrender himself under a promise of pardon. He pretended he wished to write something; bit the quill, and swallowed the poison contained in it. He then veiled himself, reclining his head backwards, till he felt the operation of the poison. "O Neptune!" he exclaimed, "they have defiled thy temple; but honouring thee, I will leave it while yet living." But he sank before the altar, and a sudden death separated him from a world, which, after the fall of his country, contained no happiness for him. Where shall we find a character of more grandeur and purity than that of Demosthenes?

It seemed by no means superfluous to exhibit a picture of Grecian statesmen during that period, by sketching the history of the illustrious individual who holds the first rank among them. We learn from it, that the sphere in which such men acted, though they are called orators, extended far beyond their orations. From these, it is true, we chiefly derive our knowledge of them. But how differently would Demosthenes appear to us, if we were particularly acquainted with the details of his political career. How much must have been needed to effect alliances, such as he was repeatedly able to form? What journeys, what connections, what skill in winning persons of influence, and in managing mankind?

And what were the means which these statesmen of antiquity could command, when we compare them with those of modern times? They had no orders from the cabinet to execute. They had not the wealth of nations at their disposal; they could not obtain by force what others would not voluntarily yield. Even the comparison which might be made between them and the British statesmen, is true only as far as the latter also stood in need of eloquence to confirm their influence. But the other means which Pitt could employ to form a party, were not possessed by Demosthenes. He had no presents to offer, no places to give away, no ribbons and titles to promise. On the contrary, he was opposed by men who could command everything by which avarice or ambition can be tempted. What could he oppose to them but his talents, his activity, and his courage? Provided with no other arms, he supported the contest against the superiority of foreign powers, and the still more dangerous struggle with the corruptions of his own nation. It was his high calling, to be the pillar of a sinking state.—Thirty years he remained true to this cause, nor did he yield till he was buried beneath the ruins of his country.—Pp. 233—239.

THE ART OF DANCING.

The Code of Terpsichore.—The Art of Dancing: comprising its Theory and Practice, and History of its Rise and Progress, from the Earliest Times: intended as well for the Instruction of Amateurs as the Use of Professional Persons. By C. Blasis, Principal Dancer at the King's Theatre, and Composer of Ballets. Translated, under the Author's immediate inspection, by R. Barton. 8vo. Bull. London, 1830.

An unreflecting reader might conclude, that the author who sends into the world a volume on dancing, containing sixteen engraved plates of figures, twenty-two ditto of quadrille music, and no less than five hundred and forty-eight large octavo pages of letter-press, abounding in such expressions as study, application, ability, grandeur, elevation, &c. &c. must expose himself to the charge of attaching to his subject an importance in no slight degree disproportioned to its merits. But let him open the volume of M. de Blasis, and persist in the error if he dare.

The study of the fine arts is the most pleasing occupation to which the human mind can be dedicated. It entertains us; and the clouds which the labours and cares of life often cast over our spirits are, for a while, agreeably dispersed:—nor is amusement the only advan-

tage attending this study; its utility is also very conspicuous. The knowledge of one branch or other of the fine arts has immortalized many men; and some nations, by moral superiority, which their cultivation has given them over others, have been rendered for ever illustrious and celebrated.

‘The countries where a Newton calculated infinity; where a Shakspeare and a Milton wrote; where a Brantôme and a Michael Angelo built; where Raphael painted, and where Cinna, Athalie, &c. were composed, are the first countries in the world. The rest, with regard to the fine arts, are but mere barbarians or children, notwithstanding their antiquity, and all that nature has done for them.

‘I have, in these pre'liminary remarks, perhaps, departed from my subject; but let the motive plead my excuse. The arts are linked together in one and the same chain; poetry, music, painting and dancing bear a strong affinity to each other, and the enjoyments we derive from their merit an equal gratitude and homage; and most enviable are they whose souls are susceptible of the pleasures which they inspire.

‘“Le véritable esprit sait se plier à tout;

On ne vit qu'à demi quand on n'a qu'un seul goût.”

VOLTAIRE.

‘Singing, no less delightful than natural to man, must, in its progress have inspired him with certain gestures relative to the various sounds which he uttered. His breast became agitated; his arms opened or approached each other; his feet began to form certain steps, more or less rapid; his features participated in these movements; in short, his whole body was soon responsive to the sounds that vibrated in his ears. And thus singing, which was the expression of one pleasure, gave rise to another, innate, but till then unknown; to which we have given the name of dancing. Such were unquestionably the primitive causes of the origin of this art.”—Pp. 5, 6.

Alas! that it is not among natives of a cold and cloudy clime like ours that this enchanting art can flourish.

‘Dancing appears to have been created for climates that are under the influence of a torrid sun. It is a pleasure every where—there it is a passion; warmed by an incessant heat, the glowing constitution of the native of the south, contains the seed of every pleasure; each moment of his rapid existence seems to him made only for enjoyment. The inhabitant of the north, forced by nature to maintain a constant combat with the rigours of the seasons, seldom aspires to delight. His whole care is engrossed in securing himself from snows and frosts. The roughness of his manners almost extinguishes his sensibility; and the delicate sentiments that voluptuousness imparts are to him wholly unknown.

‘How could dancing, that amiable offspring of pleasure, display her gracefulness and attractions amid perpetual ice and never melting snows?”—P. 7.

The antiquity alone of dancing will ensure it the admiration of all the far spread family of Monkbarns.

‘Music and dancing are nearly coeval with the world. The Egyptians, the Persians, the Indians, the Jews, and the Arcadians, the most ancient of nations; Amphion, Orpheus, Chiron, Thamyris, the prophetess Miriam, David, and others, together with the dances that the Israelites performed in honour of the golden calf, proclaim its antiquity. These two arts were in the sequel reduced to certain rules and limits by ingenious and inventive artists.”—Pp. 7, 8.

The great names connected with the art will secure in its favour the good wishes of the scholar. Pythagoras, or Jubal, or Andron, or Rhea invented it; Plato and Socrates approved it; Cleophantes, of Thebes, and Æschylus contributed to its progress; Augustus encouraged it; Theseus, Achilles, Pyrrhus, Socrates, and Louis Quatorze delighted in the exercise of it; Lucian, Apuleius, Martial, Seneca, Marino, and, though last, hardly least, M. Blasis, have sung its praises.

The revival of dancing is of the same epoch and country as that of the other arts.

‘Italy has, at different times, been the garden of every art and science. It was there that Dante, Columbus,

Galileo, and Machiavel were born; and there also was the enchanting Terpsichore honoured under a more pleasing and elegant form, than antiquity had bestowed upon her.

‘“D'ogni bell' Arte non sei madre, o Italia?”

‘We may, therefore, say that the Italians were the first to subject the arms, legs, and bodies to certain rules; which regulation took place in the sixteenth century. Before that time they danced, in my opinion, much in the same manner as the Greeks and Romans had done before them, which was, by giving high leaps, making extravagant contortions, uncouth and indelicate motions, and resting in the most unbecoming attitudes. A common-place practice was the only instruction such dancers received. The greater or less pleasure they enjoyed in their performance, occasioned them more or less to excel. Dancing (as an art) was then only in its infancy.”—P. 11.

Bergonzo di Botta was the more especial author of this revival, and the fête, which he prepared to celebrate the marriage of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, with Isabella of Arragon, was the immediate occasion of the happy event.

‘The taste and magnificence displayed in this superb festival at Tortona, was imitated by all the principal towns of Italy, who seemed eager to concur in the regeneration of those agreeable arts.”—P. 11.

On the whole we feel in great disposition to ridicule the labours of M. Blasis. A degree of bombast is certainly, as our readers may have divined, here and there perceptible, and the solemnity of the expressions and phrases made use of, is often amusing; but taken altogether, the work is a learned, well constructed, and amusing production.—For ballet masters and teachers of dancing, it is an indispensable manual; while amateurs of the art, either as practisers or spectators, may derive amusement and instruction from its perusal. The chapter on national dances, and the accounts especially of the Chica, the Fandango, the Tarantella, and other foreign dances, is particularly interesting. In his descriptions, however, the author might have kept even still more in the back ground than he has done the portraiture of that character of lasciviousness, which he objects to in one or two of the dances enumerated.

The ‘Code of Terpsichore’ consists of six parts.—The first part treats of the rise and progress of dancing; the second, of the theory of theatrical dancing; the third, of pantomime; the fourth, of the composition of ballets; the fifth contains a number of programmes of ballets; and the sixth is an essay on private dancing. M. Blasis has treated his subject throughout as an enthusiastic lover of his profession, and as a master thoroughly versed in its principles and details. He would class it among the most elevated of the fine arts, and we hardly know how to refuse assent to the honour claimed for it, when it is viewed in the light implied by the following sentence, in which perfection would seem to be given to that most delicate of all arts, sculpture, by investing it with the only attribute wanting to that consummation, namely, life. Speaking of Pirouettes, M. Blasis says—

‘On one occasion, performing the part of Mercury, I took, as I turned in my pirouette, the attitude of the statue of Mercury by J. Bologne. This fine position is very difficult to stand in. Unless a dancer is naturally arched he never can do it well, and the pirouette loses all its effect. The body must lean forward, and the right arm develop itself almost entirely. The leg that is in attitude must be bent, and by its motion accompany the rounding contour of the position of the body. To render this attitude yet more graceful, let the dancer stretch out his left arm, in which the caduceus is held; this takes off the angle at his elbows that it would otherwise present, and give the pirouette much more elegance. In the gesture expressive of the action, this position is replete with truth, and therefore should not be modified.”—Pp. 86, 87.

We make the following two or three short extracts, under the impression that the instructions they contain may be found of use in the forthcoming season for display:

‘Although the system of private dancing does not require, of those who practice it, either extraordinary abilities or an intense application, in order to arrive at perfection, there must, however, be inherent in them certain physical qualifications, and some capacity, to insure success. Without these, a person would appear awkward and ridiculous in dancing; and it is far preferable to be a passive spectator than a clumsy performer. It may be observed also, that while a knowledge of dancing adds to the attractions of a figure, naturally symmetrical and agile, it serves but to render still more conspicuous, those who are incurably ill-shaped, unconquerably heavy, or insensible to any graceful motion.”—P. 488.

How to make a bow:

‘To execute the bow properly, the following rules must be observed:—When walking, stop in such a manner that the weight of the body may rest upon that leg which is advanced. Then, moving the one behind, cause it to assume the fourth hinder position, the third, and the second. Having arrived at the latter, shift the stress of the body upon the leg forming it and bring the other leg round into the first position, the heels being placed against each other, and the toes turned outwardly. After having bent the knees properly, incline the body according as it is represented in the plate, [that is, gently forward. The figure, we confess, is somewhat stiff, and by no means possesses that ease and elegance observable in many of the figures à l'antique, given in preceding plates by the learned maestro.] ‘Let your arms fall easily and naturally, and let your head assume an unaffected inclination; for every movement must be executed with an easy air. Having made the salute, slowly raise your body to its usual perpendicular attitude, regain your customary deportment, disengage the leg which had been placed in the first position behind, changing it into the fourth behind, and shift the weight of the body upon that leg. Whether you intend to renew the salute, or to continue your walk, always finish upon the advanced leg. Usually, and in society where it is not absolutely necessary to observe a strict *étiquette*, the salute is generally executed in the third position, but the feet must be always turned outwardly.

‘Ladies, when performing their courtesy, must proceed in the same manner as gentlemen, excepting that they should incline, after the foot has assumed the first position, in order to stop on the fourth position behind, when the knees must bend, and the head and body incline, to complete the courtesy.”—Pp. 490, 491.

General instructions:

‘As to the movements of the body, they are nearly the same as those practised by stage dancers, with this difference only, that they should not be carried to that grandeur and elevation, should have less impulse, and be modified, and adapted to the circles of private dancing. The legs ought to be raised from the ground but very little above the method of the second position; however, gentlemen may raise them something higher: the peculiar style of their dancing being more powerful and unrestrained, will admit of more elevated steps. It is not necessary that the arms and bust should be kept in violent motion, they may rather remain in a graceful repose. Let the head be held erect, and the chin in a very slight degree elevated; gracefully incline the head to the motion of the body and arms. Let your countenance be expressive of cheerfulness and gaiety, and let an agreeable smile ever play about your mouth. Keep your shoulders down, bring your chest forward, let your waist be compressed, and sustain yourself firmly upon your loins. Let your bosom project a little, for this confers gracefulness on the dancer's attitude. Let the shoulders move with elegance and naturally. Let your elbows be curved, never squared, your fingers so grouped together as to correspond with the contour of the arms. Ladies must hold their dresses with the tips of their fingers; their arms must be placed similar to the gentlemen's. The arms serve for an ornament to the body, and they ought to follow its movements with easy elegance. Let your body recline, as it were, upon the hips, and let the latter expand themselves, in order to facilitate the motions of the legs. Turn out your knees, and strive to give them pliancy, and to curve them well. By this means they will aid all the movements of the time and the steps. Let your feet be always turned out, and let your insteps acquire a degree of suppleness,

and at the same time of strength, a circumstance which will give you a facility in curving the feet, in rising upon the toes, and in shifting the legs. The toes ought to be kept firm to the ground, and they should assist in giving effect to the steps, and in marking the time. In short, let each succeeding step be well connected with the other, and let all be executed with an easy elegance and a steady grace.—Pp. 492—494.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. Longman and Co. London, 1830.

This is really a beautiful volume, equal, and in some respects superior, to any of its contemporaries. The public has, perhaps, a right to expect from the hands of Mr. Watts—himself a poet, and an editor of considerable experience—something in the literary department 'beyond the mark of others.' But the embellishments of 'The Souvenir' are at least on a par with the literature; we do not, indeed, know that we have seen any engraving in the rival volumes of the present year, and certainly in none of the past, which surpasses, in sweetness and beauty, 'The Sisters of Scio,' by Phalipon; but these questions relative to the fine arts will be considered more at large in another part of this number.

When we say that the first article in 'The Souvenir' is a tale from the pen of Mr. Grattan, we probably need offer no other assurance that it is among the cleverest productions of the volume. Every one who knows the powers of that amiable and original writer, will be pleased to find his name in the list of contributors; and we think the tale of 'The Love Draught' will support his well-earned reputation. We must let it speak in some measure for itself:

* THE LOVE-DRAUGHT. A TALE OF THE BARROW-SIDE.

'By the Author of "High-ways and By-ways."

Whoever has journeyed along the banks of the river Barrow, in that part of its course which separates the Queen's County from the county of Kildare, must have remarked the remains of Grange-Mellon, the former residence of the St. Leger family. The long avenue, choked with grass and weeds,—the wooded grounds, stretching along the river's edge,—the dilapidated gateway and mansion-walls,—the loud cawing from the rookery,—all combined to mark the place as one which ought to furnish some legend of antiquity and romance. Such was surely to be had there for those who would seek it. But Grange-Mellon is only linked to my memory by an humble love-story of almost modern date, yet tragical enough, Heaven knows, to have had its source in the very oldest days of magic and misery.

I can state nothing of the tender dames, or youths of gentle blood, who inhabited the castle before it tumbled quite to decay. The only beings connected with the existence of the place (and that in the very last stage of its occupation) whom I would attempt to commemorate, were Lanty the whipper-in, and Biddy Keenahan the dairy-maid. Lanty was a kind, frank, honest-hearted lad as ever lived. He was a great favourite with the family and the servants, particularly the females. The whole pack of hounds loved him; and a cheering word from his voice could keep them together in the thickest cover, even if there were half-a-dozen hares a-foot; when Brian Oge, the veteran huntsman, might tantivy himself hoarse, and only frighten the whelps and vex the old dogs for his pains. Lanty was, indeed, in the words of the ballad,

"Beloved much by man and baste."

But if he was welcome in the kitchen and the kennel, as surely he was, how many a thousand times more welcome was he, when he came home from the chase, cheering the tired harriers along, and stopping to say, "How is it wid you, Biddy!" or, "What a fine night it is, Biddy!" or some such passing phrase, at the dairy door; where Biddy was sure to be waiting, with a ready answer and a kind look. Ay, welcome indeed was the commonest word which came from Lanty's lips; and the more so, as not a syllable of a more direct

tendency had he ever uttered; although it was plain to every one in the world, that he had been in love with Biddy for full a year and a half.

"Ah, Brine!" said he to the old huntsman, one day when they were returning home after a couple of hard runs, followed by the limping pack, "Ah, Brine! it's no use talking! It's no use, you see; for I niver can bring myself to say the words to her, out and out. I love her little finger better nor the whole 'varsal world: but by this Cross—Patrick!" (and he put his finger on his whip handle, making a very positive cross) "it's impossible for me to tell her so."

Brian Oge, who was a regular male match-maker, and who thought that "the b'ys and girls ought to hunt in couples, any how," was resolved that it should not be his fault if Biddy Keenahan did not know the true state of the case; or if she did not take proper measures to bring matters to a speedy issue between herself and Lanty. He, therefore (as he himself expressed it), "up an' told her what Lanty had said; an' advised her, as the only way of bringin' him to reason, to go straight to Peg Morrin the fortin-teller, at the fut of Magany Bridge, who'd soon give her a charm that'd make Lanty folly her an' spake to the point, as sartin as the rats (rats) folly'd Terry the rot-catcher; an' sure enough he could make thim spake too, if he thought it worth his while!"

This counsel was too palatable to be rejected by poor Biddy. Her spotted cotton handkerchief fluttered over her bosom while Brian Oge was giving his advice; and had it been of muslin, the deep glow of delight might have been seen through it. Her face had no covering to conceal its blushes; and her eyes swam in tears.

"Och, then, *musha*, Brine Oge!" said she, "it's myself that's behouden to you for your good nath'r. Why, then, can it be true what you tell me? Little I thought than Lanty cared a *thrancen* for me, though, in troth, it's myself that loves the ground he walks on. Why, then, why wouldn't he tell me so at once? If it wasn't that it wouldn't be becomin' in a young girl to spake first, I'd soon tell him what's neither a shame nor a sin, any how. But I'll folly you: word, Brine Oge: for you're an old man, an' a kind one, an' one that knows what's fit for the b'ys an' the girls, an' that niver stands between thim but to bring thim closer to one another; an' here's a noggin of rale crame for you, Brine, jew'l, for it's tired you must be, afther the hunt."—Pp. 1—4.

The sybil recommends the poor girl to make use of a powder which she provides, as a sure means of bringing the timid lover to a declaration of his passion.

The love-draught was at length prepared. A richly-frothing bowl of syllabub received the whole contents of Peg Morrin's paper. Biddy never ventured to look on the charm, curious as she felt, as she shook it carefully into the bowl, and conscientiously stirred the whole with her left hand for several minutes. But she had not thus completed her work when she heard the loud music of the hounds, as they left the kennel, and saw Brian Oge and Lanty come riding along, round the offices and orchard.

"God bless your work, Biddy!" said old Brian, rein-ing up his horse at the dairy-door,—the common salutation to any one, however employed. Biddy felt her blood curdle at the words, for she did not think the mysterious and underhand work she was about was a holy one: but this was a moment's thought. She threw the empty paper over her left shoulder, and advanced to the door.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, Biddy!" said Lanty, with a sort of half-look of mingled kindness and timidity.

"God save ye kindly, both!" was Biddy's almost inaudible reply; for the faintness of anxiety, the mixture of hope and fear, almost overcame her.

"An' what have you for us this mornin', Biddy, *machree*?" said Brian, looking significantly at the two bowls of syllabub which he saw on the slab of Kilkenny marble, on which the milk-pans were ranged.

Biddy handed him his bowl, at which he smacked his lips; and having carefully added somewhat from his private bottle, he drank off the whole, and said

"Why, thin, long life to you, Biddy Keenahan; for it's yourself that's the sow of a dairy-maid! An'

happy's the b'y that'll get you! Lanty, my lad, you can throt afther me an' the dogs, round by the bawn an' across the tin-acre field, an' meet us up at the rath: so don't hurry yourself. May be Biddy has somethin' to say to you. My blessin' on ye both!"

Brian had good reason for this speech, for he had called at Peg Morrin's cabin the previous evening, anxious to have his full share in the business, by warning the fortune teller of the visit she was to expect, and putting her on the look-out for Biddy as she was to come ferried across the river by Tom Fagan. The sound of the huntsman's horse's feet were still echoing in Biddy's ears when she offered the love-draught to Lanty, with trembling hands and averted face.

Biddy could not resist her desire to mark the progress of her charm. She stole a sidelong glance at Lanty. His first look, as he gave back the bowl, was one of simple satisfaction at the highly-flavoured draught, which, however, the anxious girl did not fail to interpret into an expression of rising love. In a moment more, Lanty stretched forth his hand, placed it on Biddy's shoulder, and tottered towards her. Her heart bounded at these tokens of increasing passion: she looked up again. A wild convulsion passed over the poor lad's face. He stretched forward both his arms; and as Biddy shrunk back with a pang of horror, he fell extended on the floor.

Fixed to the spot, Biddy could not attempt to offer, nor had she the power to call for aid. A few moments of frightful silence ensued, broken only by the shrill voice of Brian leading the hounds, the yelp of some young dog, or the deep tone of an old one which had caught the scent. At these sounds, poor Lanty's horse neighed and pawed the ground. The unfortunate young man, whose senses had been entirely stunned by the first shock of the overcharged draught, but which were now revived by the fierce revulsion of every spring of sensation, bounded upwards from the floor, staggered round in the wild drunkenness of insanity, rushed to the door, passed the poor agent and victim of his ruin, leaped upon his saddle, and clapping spurs into his too ardent steed, set off at full gallop, in the direction of the pack, which had already found a hare, and was now in full cry.

The course of the furious chase which Lantry rode that morning, is still marked out by many a trace. Those who witnessed it, declared that aught so terrible had never met their view. All who had joined the huntsman stopped, in surprise at first, and afterwards in affright, as Lantry drove his steed along, over ditch and wall, his hair flying in the wind, and spurs and whip perpetually urged into the flanks of the half-maddened animal. Brian Oge, almost thunderstruck at what he saw, pulled up his horse, and with clasped hands gazed wildly on, while the unheeded dogs ran far and wide, in all the riot of the chase. At length the gallant hunter that had borne the poor whipper-in for so many a hard day's run, fell utterly exhausted to the earth; and its unfortunate rider lay under it, in raging helplessness.—Pp. 13—17.

At this dreadful moment the hag appears, and informs Biddy that the powder she had administered to her lover was poison; unable to endure the horrors of her situation, she rushes into the river, which a few hours before she had crossed in all the pleasures of happy and hopeful love, and was drowned.

The tale is well imagined and well told. We have, in another part of the same volume, a copy of verses, by Miss Bowles, which is entitled to peculiar praise: it is called a 'Dying Mother to her Infant.' Some verses by the editor are also deserving of warm approbation, and the names of Mr. Præd, Miss Mitford, Mr. Harvey, and Mrs. Hemans will stand instead of our commendation for the rest of the volume.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

	PAGE		PAGE
German Tales . . .	717	The Leith Smack . . .	726
Southern Africa . . .	718	Shakespeare in Paris . . .	727
The Landscape Annual . . .	720	Comparative Pathology . . .	728
History of Ancient Greece . . .	721	Fine Arts . . .	730
The Art of Dancing . . .	722	New Music . . .	730
The Literary Souvenir . . .	724	Miscellanies . . .	730
Marlow's 'Jew of Malta' . . .	725	Literary Announcements . . .	731

MARLOW'S 'JEW OF MALTA.'—No. I.

THE condition of the Jews in the feudal and middle ages of Europe, presents a singular objective phenomenon. They dwelt among the Gentile people of Christendom and Islam, as the ancient lepers among the tribes of the congregation—as men endured merely, not tolerated: separated for oppression, and reserved as store-victims for any occasional holocaust, which the interest of the church, or the avarice of the state, might demand. Protected from motives of calculating selfishness, they were sacrificed with equal indifference to policy or caprice, or to the wanton mood of a holiday-multitude. They paid tribute not only in silver and gold, and the tithe of merchandise; but even with sufferance of wounds and blows, violation of person, and demolition of property on certain festivals of the Christian world, state-ceremonies, and holy-weeks. They were subject to the arbitrary exactions of government, and exposed to the worst out-breaks of anarchy and revolution. They were plundered by the nobles, and taxed by the burghers: the knights, 'without fear and without reproach,' lived at free-quarters upon them, and the peasants, when they rose against the long tyranny of a chivalrous aristocracy, were collaterally employed in a massacre of the Jews. Yet, every where oppressed and persecuted, banished from some countries, and forbidden to approach the boundaries of others, the Jews became every where a wealthy, powerful, and even a formidable people. Outwardly, despised and dejected, poor in habiliment, and slavish in his gestures, the Jew-merchant, within the walls of his house, and the precincts of the synagogue was the inheritor and actual possessor of immense riches, gorgeous magnificence, and oriental luxury. The gabardine which he wore on the mart, and in places of Christian resort, and merchandise, was thrown aside, in home-privacy, for the brodered work of Syrian looms, for the fine linen of Egypt, for robes of white damascene wool, steeped in the crimson in-grain of the costly Indian cochineal. His slavish gestures, patient shrugs, and suppliant prostrations were exchanged for the courtly pageantry, and proud gravity of Eastern manners: the fawning tones of deprecation and assent, and the ready smile of submission were forgotten in the earnest magniloquence of his native Hebraism: and the servile, place-giving, supple Jew was converted into the patriarch-father, the ancestral Rabbi, the hereditary judge and master in Israel.

Thus, their condition as a people was a perfect exponent-form of the grotesque. For the being of the grotesque consists in apparent disproportion of the means to the end: of power in actuality and energy with the semblance of suppression and impotency: of external meanness, and moral prostration contrasted with the possession, enjoyment, and exercise of private and political influence, domestic liberty and tribe sovereignty. Hence the Jewish character became a proper and productive material of the drama and dramatic ballad. Their two-fold state of oppression and magnificence, and that too, co-existent and simultaneous in time and circumstance, invested them with attributes allied to the supernatural, while daily experience, and intercommunity made every such representation of them an exhibition of real life and ordinary nature. Their mode of being was a proper form of historical romance, of which the prototype was living and acting among men without losing the imaginative by commerce and contact with the real. The Jew-merchant was beyond daily life and yet in it: a creature of the mart, the harbour, and the exchange, yet come from a far country, even from the East, invested with traditionary awe, and seen in the long evening shadows of memory and the twilight enchantments of wizard antiquity. The objective nature of the Catholic religion also had woven around every such personation of Hebrew character, whether in real life, or in its represented draughts, an interchange of interest and antipathy, of revulsion and attraction, like the thrilling chain of dim-seen phantoms, and unearthly music which bound in terrible successions of hope and fear the

expectant watchers for the opening of the great Orphic drama at Eleusis: sounds of dreadful preparation; yet wherein dread was struggling with earnest yearning for the final revealing of the mystery: visions of unimagined forms, and endless groupings, yet whose after meaning would be read in the ineffable brightness of the unvisited, incommunicable statue. The being of the Jew collectively as a people, individually as dejected and distressed, was remotely allied, perhaps unconsciously associated, with the ritual of Rome and the faith of Christendom. The fore-ground space was filled with the solemn pageantry of Easter-week, with the peaceful triumph of the nativity, with the mourning processions and painful watchings of Lent, with the tombs of martyrs, and solitary crosses, with cathedral churches and sanctuary cloisters—but beyond in sombre shadow, and interminable perspective, lay the far countries of Judah, and Galilee: and glimpses of their ancestral cities, Babylon and Nineveh and Tadmor in the wilderness.

There were other, and not inferior causes, which, in an objective age, produced and directed the existing feelings and prejudices of men in relation to the Hebrew people, and in after-time rendered the Jew-character a source of material proper for the elder drama, the genuine offspring and heir of the mysteries and religious plays. There existed between the two creeds and their respective holders, not so much a direct antipathy—for they had original principles of union, and relations of derivation and succession—but a certain anti-sympathy. They were each inheritors of the one promise: but the younger brother had supplanted the elder, and that younger brother not Jacob but Esau. There existed on the one side a sense of ancient obligation, overlaid indeed, but not extinguished by long ages of bitter enmity,—on the other, the oppressors had become weak: that proud and terrible nation, with the blood of prophets and martyrs on their hands, had become subject to the posterity of them whom they had pursued even to the death, in their former days of place and power, and the Jew though servile and suppliant in the commerce of ordinary life, was in all that related to his religion, unchanged and unchangeable. No length of suffering, no accumulation of injury and contempt, no force of persecution could be invented by the ingenuity or enforced by the violence of zealous hate that should compel him to forego his life-and-death grasp on the promise, his strong faith in the primal election and certain acceptance of the orthodox children of the Law. He looked forward with earnest hope, and unflinching assurance to the fulness of time when Israel should again reign, the perpetual priesthood of the earth. The Christians, on the other hand, regarded with uneasy awe and apprehension, this sense of exile and yearning for home, this indefinite waiting for empire, this looking to the east, these temporal considerations of the kingdoms and sovereignties of the world in respect to the final duration of a state yet to be. Their imaginations connected the irrational obstinacy of the Jewish people and their undisguised and malignant opposition to the true belief, with the agency and assistance of the infernal spirits. A terrible rumour also found easy and willing credence, that on a certain day in Easter week, while the Christian world was occupied in celebrating the sacrifice of the great atonement and the first fruits of resurrection, the Jews were also engaged in performing an impious parodic drama, in mockery of the holy season. A Christian child, enticed from his parents, was daintily fed and cherished in secret, until at the appointed time, in presence of chosen delegates from all the Hebrew tribes, he was, after scourging, and being crowned with thorns and arrayed in a purple robe, affixed to a cross in derision of the suffering Messiah.

The general insecurity of persons and property rendered all distant journeying, except to large bodies of armed men, impracticable in the feudal ages. But the Jews were a nation of wanderers; they were found in every principal city and commercial province of Europe, and they were known to exist in large communities in the maritime regions of the

lesser Asia, northern Africa, on either shore of the Arabian Gulph, and in the powerful kingdom of Persia. And they held a constant and secret communication with their most remote brethren. The labours of far travel were the appropriate task of the 'scattered:' and the very benefits which this their disposition conferred on geographical science assumed an unholy aspect when viewed in connection with their supposed ulterior views. Dim apprehensions arose: uneasy visions of the accursed wanderers, moving singly, yet with oneness of purpose, through the imitable countries of the farthest east to discover and unite the most distant communities of their brethren in dreadful leagues and in impious sacraments against the peace and existence of all Christendom: and preparing, in silence and obscurity, the several parts of some tremendous drama of which the destruction of their oppressors and the restoration of their ancient kingdom were to be the main incidents and final close.

These preliminary considerations will lead us to appreciate with better accuracy and force the full meaning of the Jewish character as portrayed in ancient ballads or as personated on the stage. And for the sake of entire illustration we shall proceed to examine a singular production of the imaginative mind exhibiting and embodying an ideal form of the prejudice, feeling, and antipathy which popularly existed towards the Hebrew people in the time of Marlow, inherited from preceding ages. We do not assert, however, that such feelings presented themselves in distinct consciousness to the minds of those who hold them: but merely that the peculiar odium then attached to the character and persons of the Jews may be referred to some one or other of the forementioned causes, or was the result of an unknown complex of them all.

Marlow's portraiture of Barabas, though unequally sustained, is in general nervous, impassioned, and sublime: an exhibition of the invincibility of the human will and of its terrible potency when it has cast behind it the moral energies, conscience and religion. It may be objected that after a weary series of crimes, and undeviating ferocity in the pursuit of his universal vengeance, Barabas achieves nothing but his own destruction. Yet upon his principles of selfish ends and irrespective means, and his stern excision of all human sensibilities, except the sense of antipathy, of all aim and scope of his actions, except complete and final retribution with the usurious interest of Judean hate, the prudence and policy of his conduct can hardly be arraigned. He is deceived by a miscalculation common to bold bad men, which leads them to imagine that they are acting upon the ordinary principles of human nature while they are really obeying the sensual and devilish suggestions of their own evil hearts; that the only real difference between them and other men, is that the latter want the firmness and the will, being hoodwinked by a coward conscience, while themselves, emancipated by a laudable energy of volition from the cobweb sophistry of every moral law, are fulfilling the true and proper purpose and just end of self-interest rightly understood. Be it remembered that we are not now examining the probability of the story, or the structure of the plot: any such inquiry would demand a general criticism on the dramatic writings of Marlow, and on the influence which his genius had upon the then stage. We are simply investigating one individual character as explaining in its mode of development certain states of popular prejudice and feeling. The succeeding observations also, in most part, apply only to the first act of 'The Jew of Malta:' causes which must be sought for in the state of the drama itself at the time have occasioned a marked inferiority in all the after-scenes with a very few exceptions.

In embodying the various states of general prejudice Marlow has displayed the Jewish character in its proudest and loftiest form. Barabas informs us that he is 'framed of finer mould than common men.' He is a master in Israel, a judge and ruler

of the people, a leading member of the great Hebrew oligarchy scattered over Europe, and powerful in Asia.

'There's Kiriah Jairim the great Jew of Greece
Obd in Baieseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France; and wealthy every one.'

He is a royal merchant, whose 'fortune trowls in by land and sea: one on every side enriched.' He contemns the Samnites and the men of Uzz for their paltry silverlings, and his imagination riots in gorgeous visions and solemn dreams, of wedges piled of Arabian gold, even the fine gold of Ophir. Of

'Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And sold-seen costly stones of so great price
That one of them indifferently rated
And of a carret of this quantity
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.'

His store-houses are heaped with the 'multitudinous wares of the Syrian merchants' blue cloths, and brodered work, and chests of rich apparel bound with cords and made of cedar.' The messengers of the land of Uzz came to Job with momentary tidings of fresh calamities treading on each others' heels—but merchants come to Barabas in his country-house, announcing the successful arrival in Malta road of argosies from Alexandria, and Egypt, and the bordering isles.

Let us imagine to ourselves a Tyrian or Sidonian merchant of the olden time. A prince-merchant in Tyrus, that ancient city, which had the 'giant Gammadrus in its towers, wise men for its pilots, even the ancients of Gebal for its calkers,' or let us summon from the inner-chambers of memory and from its early grave and long death-slumber our childhood imagination, if they may be won yet once again to set before the outward eye, in primal freshness of actual vision, the forms and colours, the awful countenances, and ceremonious gestures of those interminable groupings, and grave processions with the strange music of the oriental names which composed in our early fancies, perhaps even in the troubled dreams and spectral visitations of the night, the shifting objects of that scenery moulded to after-reflection and almost palpable presence by our first reading of 'The Arabian Nights.' And let us draw forth from this aerial tracery of shadow substances a fitting portraiture for the Merchant-Jew of Malta.

Barabas, in every change of his condition from opulence and power, to poverty and distress, and again from temporary destitution to renewed wealth and primal influence, preserves the same lofty tone of strong imaginative passion, the same earnest determination of character, and prompt consultation and election of means for his ends. In a soliloquy of proud exultation at his wealth and national supremacy, he discovers his ambition to be not merely commercial, but monarchical. For in confessing the impossibility of 'the Jews coming to be kings,' his aspiration beams forth in his admitted regret.

'I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault; alas! our numbers few
And crowns come either by succession
Or urged by force.....
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings.'

He lives in a perpetual antagonism of feeling and motive with his Christian neighbours, uniformly accosts them in the language of a courting irony, or the open rancour of hate, ever refers to his own high calling as a master in Israel, and to the fatal elevation of the Hebrew people above the Gentile empires of the world. When his countrymen, betrayed by the dread of immediate spoliation, submit to an injurious wresting of their property, he reproaches them with the fine antithetical taunt.

'Earth-metalled villains and no Hebrews born.'

And when his own wealth is confiscated in pursuance of the very equitable decree, made by the go-

vernor and knights of Malta, that the ten years' tribute due to the Turks shall be levied on the estates of the Jews, after a passing out-break of bitter reflection on the inconsistency between Christian practice and the simplicity of their profession, he bursts forth into a solemn anathema of concentrated earnestness.

'The plagues of Egypt and the curse of Heaven
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them thou Primus Motor!
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.'

And when his countrymen suggest to him the obvious, but probably not very palatable example of Job, a mode of consolation frequently applied in distress, but never, we believe, particularly efficacious, when there is any very present occasion for patience—He indignantly turns round upon them with the abrupt rejoinder—

'What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses. But for every one of those
Had they been valued at indifferent rate
I had at home and in mine argosie
And other ships that came from Egypt last
As much as would have bought his beasts and him
And yet have kept enough to live upon.'

And then loftily sees his own desolation above the ancient desolation of the patriarch of Uz.

'So that not be, but I, may curse the day
Thy fatal birth-day forlorn Barabas:
And hence forth wish for an eternal night:
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes.'

The entry of his daughter Abigail now draws forth a fervent expression of that strong kindred-love which has ever prevailed among the descendants of Abraham, with whom children were as a crown of honour; and barrenness, astonishment, and reproach. He had not indeed many children—

'But one sole daughter whom he held as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigene.'

He informs her, with a better understanding of the nature of comfort-giving than his brethren seem to have had, that his loss is but partial, and that knowing the great insecurity of Hebrew property in a Christian country, and fearing the worst, he had concealed in his house as a provision for herself and him,—

'Ten thousand portagues besides great pearls
Rich costly jewels and stones infinite.'

But his house, meanwhile, had been consecrated to the pious purpose of a nunnery, and the governor was already occupied in establishing the holy sisterhood in the possession of it. This last stroke of oppression renders Barabas frantic: but his desperation partakes of the same lofty enthusiasm of passion as before:

'My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone
You partial heavens have I deserved this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And, knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air
And leave no memory that e'er I was
No, I will live: nor loath I this my life:
And since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim and put me to my shifts
I'll rouse my senses and awake myself.'

After the first act, the conduct of the story, and the diction, as well as the character of Barabas certainly decline. There is less of earnest self-collectedness; less of the lofty Hebraism in gesture and in passion, and Barabas sometimes degenerates into a tragedy-droll, wantonly splenetic, and revoltingly cruel. But we proposed to exhibit the original grandeur and sublimity of the character as

conceived at first by Marlow: and no inferiority of the subsequent acts, however it may affect the dramatic entireness of the 'Jew of Malta,' can properly be allowed to detract from the solemn grandeur and lofty imagination displayed in the opening scenes.

W. D.

THE LEITH SMACK.

I NEVER saw Scotland until last summer. 'Many a time and oft' did I resolve to visit that country; but I was, as many times and as oft, prevented by those obstacles which will arise, in spite of a man's best precautions, to cross and baffle his most sagely planned purposes. Circumstances conspired at length in favour of my very innocent intentions, and I found myself (as a Frenchman would say) on board the *Venus*, on the 1st June, 1829, at the Berwick Wharf.

I will not insult my fashionable readers by supposing, for one moment, that they know the precise longitude of that corner of greasiness, confusion, and Scotch ale. I go on, therefore, to say that I had the happiness to find a pleasant group of young ladies, cowering under the wing, as it were, of an elderly matron, whose soft, broad concave freckled features pronounced her Scotch, before her speech confirmed my supposition. Her good humoured countenance, which was in a great measure concealed or rather shaded, by a peering black bonnet of an ancient fashion and prodigious elevation, encouraged the waverings which I might otherwise have entertained, (for I am bashful to a degree;) and as the vessel was gliding cheerily past Deptford, I paid my obeisance in form to herself and her fair party, and was most graciously received. She budged a little sideways, as much as to say, 'Pray sit ye down;' but she took good care enough that she should be betwixt me and her fair protégées. It is not right, nay it is decidedly unfair, to observe minutely a lady's dress at the commencement of a voyage, where, it must be allowed by even the emptiest exquisite of Regent Street, so many happenings, pinnings, and precautions are indispensable. I shall, therefore, only remark that her great coat of imperious blue *duffle*, as she termed it, was the substantial handiwork of Mary Manderston, Ladywell Street, *Glusky*; and fitted her for the company and perils of Parry, among the bergs and icy continents of the polar seas. It was pinned, buttoned, and laced from her ancles up to her honest cheeks of spacious breadth, where it was further secured, or rather skewered by a silk handkerchief, which, pressing under her chin, displayed to the admiring eye a dimple as deep as a goblet. Wishing, I believe, to draw my attention to her prudence in the application of this article of dress; 'it is na for nought,' said she, 'that I have lived to the years of discretion and womanhood; I have seen many a bonnie morning come before a frosty nightfall; I am too old, that is to say, too knowing, to put over much faith in a blythe face, even in that of the great Sun himsel, at this time of the year, shine he ever so brightly. Therefore I take care of number *one*; and, as for running doon that ladder (the hatches) from a gust of wind, it may well suit those sapling lassies; but it would be an unco droll tale to tell of me, who have been thrice in a forenoon across Loch Kettrine; not to say that about this time twelvemonth I sailed from one end of Loch Lomond to the other, though the waves were skelping against the boat's wame.'

This worthy matron, who thus gave so decided testimonies of naval experience, was from Anandale. She had been at Lambeth on a visit to her eldest daughter, whom she had not seen for fifteen years; and her fair attendants were two of them, her grandchildren, and one her own *neebor's bairn at hame*. She had been six weeks about London; came to it with high hopes of gratification, and left it sorely disappointed. 'The English,' she remarked, 'have a knack of putting a fair face on the commonest materials; and little wonder if a body's head that had never seen London be bamboozled with their deceit-

ful appellations and glittering descriptions. I came among them with my mind full of golden squares, and silver streets, and shining palaces; faces betokening prosperity and beaming with gladness: but seeing, they say, is believing, so I leave Lunnun as I found it, a den of stock-jobbing iniquity and smoke.

This good matron was sadly non-plused on entering St. Paul's, where her presbyterian fancy had formed a goodly apparatus of pews, betting galleries, and stools of repentance. The window squares of glass, she thought, *unco* scrimp and nipped. 'I wonder,' she asked, 'why people persist in calling it St. Paul's *Kirk*. It is, no doubt, a sponable building, and, to all appearance, sufficiently well built, and of churchly altitude, and by no means unlike a picture I have seen of Solomon's Temple; but, dear me, the saint's share of it is but small; a little nook dainty enough, I own, with carpets, pictures, and Bibles of Morocco leather, is all that he comes in for; and moreover I should like to know what the apostle had to do with battles (except once at Ephesus with the wild beasts,) and banners, and stane statues of war-horses and men at arms, and such ungodly monuments. But, talking of stanes, what a frightfully indecent figure that is in Hyde Park (better it were any where else to *hide* it) which, I opine, is made of stane; but be it stane or yetlin (cast iron,) it is enough to turn any virtuous woman to putrefaction† to look at it. A murrain on the graceless gawkies who devised such a stumbling-block to the eyes of modesty! There would have been some sense in it had they given the muckle hips of him, a pair of troosers, or petitioned the Heeland Society for a kilt; or even if they had turned his left arm with the broad trencher or dripping-pan decently down in front of him. Such a gowkit piece of *imagery* is not to be seen in the three kingdoms; and, to mend the matter, this naked Goliath not only affronts common sense and womanly feelings, but stretches and strides as if he defied the east wind and all the spirits of the air.'

I regret that I cannot record all the sayings of this unsophisticated lady. We had the tide with us down to Gravesend, and a sharp favouring breeze. She longed for sea room, she said, and the broad '*charmin'* (German) ocean. 'It was a braw sight, and a bonnie, to see a ship banging over the blue waves, in comparison of the mail coach which conveyed her to London, where she had been cooped up, with a *curr* passengers, day and night, like foreign birds in a travelling menagerie.' At two o'clock we passed the Nore; all well; nothing so pretty nor so pleasant as the young ladies, and nobody so full of good humour, observation, and curiosity as the worthy dame of Anandale. By this time our appetites were pretty well whetted for dinner, and the old lady, if such a thing there be, did not hesitate to say, that she never felt the grumd of her stomach so completely as on that day. 'No wonder that the body-tinkers, commonly called doctors, recommend a voyage to dyspeptic and declining patients, when healthy folk feel the benefit of it in so short a time.' A small table was speedily spread on deck, and plenty of substantial eatables placed thereon. No dessert on board a Leith smack. At this time we felt not the want of it, for the provident matron, again observing that she took good care of number one, ordered her *hoppersack*, as she called it, from her cabin. Hence she lugged out a towel-full of fresh eggs, which had been boiled very hard on the night before, for the tender appetites of the *barms*; but these she reserved as 'a bit *snack* for their supper.' After much tossing and fumbling, she at last laid her hands on a large apple tart, a bag of raisins and almonds, and a bottle of cherry-brand, quite excellent in their kind.

The vessel was, meanwhile, moving smoothly and somewhat slowly on the waters, under a clear sky; and we were, one and all, as happy as canaries. The young ladies were impatient for 'tardy gaited night;' for they could name every constellation in the broad heavens. They hoped

to see Jupiter's moons through the good captain's telescope, and to have a peep at Herschell's nebulous and revoltable stars, Vega and Lyra, and the 'pretty Corona,' and I was particularly requested to put them in mind of the 'lovely Pleiades,' which look so like a group of affectionate sisters, wandering fatherless and friendless in a desert world. All this was promised, and the worthy dame affirmed, with much satisfaction, that the bits of lassies knew the heavenly bodies and their names as well as though they had been their *next door neighbours*. For her own part, she never *fashed* herself with gastronomy; and, for all the feelosofers with their *prospects* (glasses) they could only say that stars were stars; and she kenned that afore many of them were born. All that they said about that was mere *conjecture*. In her school days, young girls were taught 'Barrie's Collection,' 'The Bible,' a copy at *orra* time, and 'Cocker's Arithmetic,' as far as the 'rule of three;' and according to Mr. Pandiloo of the schoolmaster of Lauder, she had a good head for all manner of serviceable studies. 'But, ma conscience, captain,' cried she, 'we never can get on at this rate. Why, your sails are hangin' and wallowin' about the poles, or *masts* as ye call them, like the great coat of potatoe bogle. James Monypenny, my married man, will be, this blessed night, at the Britannia inn, at Leith pier, on the look out far this lazy limmer of a ship: I here and he there, living not for nought, I trow, in the byke of a pawky publican. So, just put down the green boatie for the passengers, and a man to row it; there is some pleasure in getting forward, and you'll no doubt overtake us when the winds awaken from their sudden slumbers.' The captain, amused with this novel method of expediting a voyage, assured her, as he glanced towards the western sky, that we should, ere long, have a pretty stout breeze. 'Let it come on then,' said she, 'I, for one, welcome its approach.' Approach it did very soon, and very unceremoniously too; for, in less than three minutes, the vessel was in full sail, proceeding at the rate of nine knots an hour. It forthwith pitched, and now and then heaved and keeled at a gallant rate. The sweet young ladies became pale, timid, and shivering. They sat leaning on the gunwale, and gazed with giddy apprehension on the agitated ocean. I tried to cheer and amuse them, but attentions were in such a condition burthensome and unwelcome to them; so, as the best thing they could do, they descended, one after another, into their cabin, leaving the heavens and their starry wonders to such as chose to contemplate them. The healthy hue of Mrs. Monypenny's complexion had been, for some time, degenerating into a dingy ominous yellow. A very perceptible revolution took place in her manners likewise. She became less composed and communicative; and every roll of the smack rendered her more fidgetty, sulky, and queer. To mend the matter, the night grew darker and darker; the wind, higher and higher; and, though not at all dangerous, it was sufficient somewhat to discompose not only her, but your humble servant, who was quite as unexperienced, and nearly as qualmish as herself. The loud noise of the wind among the rigging, the everlasting thump, thump, thump of the main-sail, the fearful dashing of the sturdy smack against the indignant billows, which surrounded her sides with hissing foam, annoyed and terrified the worthy matron beyond endurance; while she construed the good-humoured smile of the sailors, whom she questioned and cross-questioned as to the extent of her peril, and the reasonableness of indulging any hope of salvation, into a desire to hide danger from her eyes, and to render her way to the bottom of the devouring sea as comfortable as could be. She could not conceal her terror: 'Oh,' she would exclaim, 'that I had been in that bonnie and blessed *male* coach, with my bearns, *female* though they be. But this comes of following my good man's advice. Od! I'll gar him hear of it, on his dearest side,—if I ever see him that is ta say. He is cozy and com-

fortable in 'the Britannia;' let him alone for that; and I, his faithful wife that have been for forty years last Michaelmas, cast away on the waters, lupin steeple high and banging, time about, among the leviathans, with only a plank between me and destruction. Who would have thought this in the morning! Oh, Captain Martin, Loch Lomond is but a goose dibbie in compare to this. Look at that monsterful wave. Od's sake, Captain, keep it off, else it will capsize us. Ma conscience! what a skelp! Hech, am glad it's past.' The despairing matron was prevailed on to go below; the captain kindly assuring her that a little sickness was all the evil she need apprehend. I in my turn slunk unobserved to my hammock, where I lay with sickness a bollyful. Thus was the whole party of us disposed of for eight and forty hours. Within that time we had been wafted to the mouth of the Forth, where, being in smooth water and before an easterly wind, we all felt the better for our sickness, and mustered, at lunch, full of appetite and congratulation. We scudded merrily past the Isle of May and the Bass; and Edinburgh (its site) was pointed out afar off, with its dingy canopy of thick mist. The spirits of our little party grew lighter as we drew near the end of our voyage. Mrs. Monypenny, whose kind heart could not long cherish resentment, had completely forgotten her perils, and with them her denunciations against her husband, her 'true and dutiful Janie,' who met her on the harbour, full of impatience and affection waiting her arrival. I took my leave, and bent my way to the metropolis. But Embray must have a chapter for itself. P. W.

SHAKSPEARE IN PARIS.

THE romanticists hail, as a signal triumph for their party, the recent representation at the Théâtre Français of the tragedy of 'Othello,' translated by M. Alfred de Vigny. This event, which certainly marks an epoch in French literature, is thus announced by 'Le Globe':

'We have then, at last, what has been so long desired! For the first time a play of Shakspeare, not imitated, disguised, travestied, but faithfully translated! We behold the author of 'Othello' brought on our boards by a skilful hand! Thanks to M. Alfred de Vigny! As far as may be judged of so great a work, at first view, his translation appears as fine, as poetical, as brilliant, as could have been wished, or expected even from his pen. His version, original and free, with a few symptoms of carelessness to be marked here and there, so imposed on those who came to the theatre for the sole purpose of hissing, that they remained dumb with astonishment during two acts; but taking courage, at length they avenged themselves during the latter part, by bitter and affected smiles of mortification, and hootings of despair.'

One of the principal scenes, in which the scoffers most indulged their disposition to ridicule, was that in which the Moor demands from Desdemona the handkerchief, the absence of which appears such strong evidence against her. Every time that he repeated the terrible question, '*le mouchoir?*' they were bold enough to laugh aloud, while the rest of the audience shuddered with terror.

The second scene of the fourth act, between Desdemona and Emilia, was another part which seemed greatly to shock the prejudices of the partisans of the old school; in spite of the excellent acting, Mlle. Mars, as Desdemona, was scarcely to be heard. The journal above mentioned, quotes this scene 'as an expiation,' such is the expression used, 'for the reception it met with,' remarking at the same time, that 'it was not on a few imperfections observable in it that the censures of the cabal fell, but on the passages the most correct, and such as the severest criticism would commend.' We copy the scene alluded to:

† Qy. Petrefaction.

Acte iv.—Scène 2.

*Desdemona, Emilia.**(Pendant cette scène, Desdemona doit peu à peu se déshabiller. Emilia ferme une porte.)**Emilia.* Comment vous trouvez-vous?—Ses discours moins glacés,

Moins durs que ce matin, sont d'un meilleur augure.

Desdemona. Le cœur ne se lit pas toujours sur la figure.

Il m'a dit qu'il fallait (cela va t'effrayer)

Me mettre au lit, l'attendre, et puis te renvoyer.

Em. Quoi! me renvoyer!*Des.* Oui! comme il est en colère:

Ce n'est pas à présent qu'il faudrait lui déplaire.

Donne mes vêtements.—Adieu....C'est convenu.

Em. Je voudrais que jamais vous ne l'eussiez connu!*Des.* Je ne le voudrais pas, m.-i. Car vraiment je l'aime

Jusque en son humeur brusque et dans ses dédains même;

Ils ont (délace-moi vite;—je serai mieux)

Du charme pour mon cœur,—de la grâce à mes yeux.

Em. Tout votre habit de nocce est sur le lit.*Des.* N'importe.

Mon père! hélas! j'ai fui le seuil de votre porte,

Mon bon père. Ah! combien nos cœurs sont insensés!

Je veux qu'en ces habits mes restes soient placés.

Si je meurs avant toi, tu le feras, j'espère,

Dans mes robes de nocce.—O mon père, ô mon père!

Em. Allons, madame, allons, ne dites pas cela.*Des.* Ma mère avait près d'elle une esclave, et voilà

Que, malgré moi, j'y pense; elle était Africaine;

On la nommait Joël; une éternelle peine

L'accablait; son amant, devenu fou, je crois,

L'avait abandonnée. Il semble que sa voix

Comme je l'entendais frapper encor mon oreille.

Elle chanta long-temps une chanson bien vieille,

Une chanson de saule et de fatal amour.

Elle mourut très-jeune, et jusqu'au dernier jour

Elle redit cet air dont les vers et l'histoire

Ne peuvent aujourd'hui sortir de ma mémoire.

Peu s'en faut que mon front ne tombe malgré moi,

Comme le sien tombait, en chantant.—Hâte-toi,

Je t'en prie. A mes yeux la lampe se dérobe.

Em. Irai-je pour la nuit chercher une autre robe?*Des.* Non; détache ces nœuds seulement.—J'ai trouvé

Ludovico fort bien, son langage élevé,

Gracieux.

Em. J'ai connu dans Venise une dame

Qui brûlait tellement de devenir sa femme

Que, pour en obtenir un instant de pitié,

Elle eût fait un voyage en Palestine à pied.

Des.—*(Réveuse, elle marche dans la chambre en récitant des vers. Emilia n'ose lui parler.)*

La pauvre enfant était assise

Sous un sycamore penché,

Son front sur ses genoux caché,

Sa main sur son cœur qui se brise.

Chantez le saule, chantez tous,

Le saule pleure comme nous.

Pose là ma ceinture, et va-t'en.

Em. Souffrez-vous?...
Des. Le ruisseau frais, au pied de l'arbre,

Coulait près d'elle en murmurant;

Elle parlait en soupirant;

Ses pleurs auraient usé le marbre.—

Il va rentrer bientôt; dépêche-toi!—Chantez

Le saule vert, le saule..... Il revient, écoutez!

(Elle reprend la chanson.)

Que nul d'entre vous ne le blâme!

Mieux que vous je connais son âme,

J'aime et j'approuve ses dédains!

Non, ce n'est point ainsi que ce couplet commence,

Et je ne puis jamais achever la romance.

Qui frappe donc? Ecoute! Entends-tu?

Em. C'est le vent.*Des.* Ah! c'est vrai. Bonne nuit.—Va-t'en. Mon

Dieu! souvent

Mes yeux me sont bien mal.—Brûlants comme une

flamme!.....

Cela présage-t-il des pleurs?

Em. Eh! non, madame.*Des.* On me l'a toujours dit.—Ah! ces hommes!—

Crois-tu,

Dis-moi, que quelquefois des femmes sans vertu,

Sans honneur, aient osé trahir la foi jurée?

Em. *(souriante.)* Cela s'est vu.*Des.* Crois-tu qu'à ce point égarée

Tu voudrais pour un monde entier y consentir?

Em. *(cherchant.)* Pour un monde, madame, un

monde, sans-mentir,

Ne voudriez-vous pas?

Des. Non! par cette lumière

Du ciel!

Par la lumière? Ah! je suis la première

A dire non aussi, mais la nuit!

Des. Quoi! vraiment!*(Oh! non! Je ne veux pas l'écouter, elle ment.)**Em.* Bah! votre opinion sur ce péché se fonde

Sur l'avis général établi dans ce monde,

Mais s'il était à moi ce monde, on en ferait

Bien vite une vertu qu'on y respecterait.

Des. Et moi, je ne crois pas que ces femmes existent.*Em.* Eh! madame, entre nous, s'il en est qui résistent,

C'est.....

Des. Bonne nuit, va-t'en. Il est bien tard, adieu.*(Seule.)*

—Tous les jours de ma vie, inspirez-moi, grand Dieu!

Le mépris que je sens pour ces propos infâmes,

Et faites qu'en plaignant l'erreur des autres femmes

Et dédaignant toujours leur exemple fatal,

Je me corrige encore en présence du mal.

The appearance of Mademoiselle Mars, in a tragic

character, increased the interest of this representa-

tion. Her performance was highly tragic and affect-

ing, 'full of grace and decency,' says 'Le Globe,' 'in

the first acts, and of melancholy most touching in

the fourth. It rose to the sublime in that of the de-

nouement. It excited the well founded transports

of the whole audience. The part was for her a new

triumph.' Othello was performed by Joanny, whose

chief merit seems to have been, that he appeared to

have profited very skilfully by the example left them

by English actors.

COMPARATIVE PATHOLOGY.

TORPOR—CONSUMPTION IN ANIMALS.

THE number of 'The Revue Encyclopédique' for September, 1829, contains an interesting and important article on the effect of cold on divers animals, by M. Flourens, member of the French Institute. The article is the substance of a memoir read by the author to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, and details the experiments made by him on certain animals, which more than others show the effects of cold on their system. From the results of those experiments, he draws important and well-deduced inferences as to the influence of climate on the human frame, more especially in cases of pulmonary consumption. The inquiries of M. Flourens appear to us as interesting as they are important, and we hope to do a pleasure to our readers by translating the most material parts of his paper.

The first effect of cold on animals which the memoir of M. Flourens treats of, and which is considered to be one of the most singular, is that which, after the French, we may call *hibernage*, in other words, that state of torpor or lethargy in which certain mammiferous animals of our climate, such as the marmotte for example, pass the whole time during which the cold lasts.

'Consider these animals,' says M. Flourens, 'cold, insensible, without motion, rolled up into a ball, passing three or four months consecutively without eating, without drinking, without breathing, their circulation almost stopped; then reflect that these animals, so subject to hibernation, differ in nothing, at least in nothing very perceptible, or at all corresponding to the singularity of the effects produced, from other animals very nearly allied to them, and which are not subject to the same affection; that by the side of the dormouse, the lerot, the muscardine, which pass the winter in a torpid state, are the rat, the mouse, the squirrel, and twenty animals of the same kind who do not sleep through the winter; that

again hibernating animals appear dispersed and indefinitely spread among the most opposite families; among the insectivorous animals, for instance, as the hedge-hog, the bat, &c.; among the gnawing animals, such as the dormouse, the hamster, the marmotte; and think moreover that while in our climates it is during winter that all these animals are in a lethargic state, in the torrid zone, which has also its sleeping animal, the tenrec, it is only during the season of extreme heat that this is in a torpid state,—and yet you will have but a very feeble and imperfect idea of the curious details, the extraordinary effects, and the inexplicable difficulties presented by this wonderful phenomenon.'

The experiments of M. Flourens were made on the south of France, on the *Lérot**, a small animal of the dormouse genus, of the size of a rat, grey in the hair on the back, and white in that of the belly, the eyes encircled by a ring of black, and the tail hairy at the extremity.

'The lerot,' says M. Flourens, 'lives on fruits. He is especially partial to peaches, apricots, and pears, which tempt him to venture into gardens, and even into houses. In the winter, he retires into holes, where he falls into a torpor. In this state many of these animals are to be often found together, assembled and lying one on the other, as if to keep up and prolong the heat.'

In proceeding to the details of his inquiries into the sleeping propensities of this animal, M. Flourens observes that, 'during its hibernation, it always assumes a circular and regularly curled form, the muzzle being placed under the belly, the hind paws brought forward, the front legs doubled under the chest, the ears lying against the side of the head, the eyes firmly closed, and the whole body collected into a ball, with the tail wound round it. In this state the animal is cold; it may be touched gently without being disturbed, but if it be pinched hard, it will stir; if the irritation be continued, it will awake. From the difficulty which it has to awake, an idea may be formed of the singular state in which it had lain. It commences by opening its mouth, which it keeps for a long time wide open; its sides then begin to beat, the chest remaining without motion; by degrees, however, the thorax partakes the motion of the sides, and respiration commences; the animal sends forth a cry, and has the appearance of suffering from suffocation; the whole body trembles; it uncloses its eyes, but it does not see immediately; at last it is quite awake, it sees, hears, and by degrees, recovers its heat, and moves.'

'There are two distinct degrees of lethargy: in the one, the *imperfect lethargy*, respiration is to be observed alternately suspended and renewed every three, four, five, or six minutes for example. In the other, *perfect lethargy*, on the contrary, respiration ceases completely, and I have often remarked this entire cessation to last for hours, in which I have been occupied in observing the animal.'

'After the example of Spallanzani, I have subjected several torpid animals to the action of divers mephitic gases; and although I have not uniformly observed the same results as were obtained by that naturalist, it follows from my own experiments and his that the absolute cessation of respiration is a fact as certain as it is curious.

'The circulation during the torpor is in much the same state as the respiration. There is no pulsation in the arteries of the limbs; if a vein or artery be opened, in some cases no blood at all will flow, in others a few blackish drops will issue slowly and hesitatingly; if the heart be touched, a few movements scarcely perceptible, and at long intervals, are discovered.

'It is a well ascertained fact, that animals have the faculty of producing a certain degree of heat, which constitutes their own proper temperature; and it is known, also, that this, their proper temperature, which, in mammiferous animals, is about 30° of the centigrade thermometer, eighty-six deg. Fah., varies very little with them, at least within the limits of the

* The garden dormouse, *Myoxus nitella*.

temperature, corresponding to the different regions of the globe.

'With the hibernating mammiferous animals, the animal heat is also about thirty centigrade degrees in the wakeful state, but in the state of lethargy, this heat falls immediately to five, four, and even three deg. (thirty-seven deg. four min. Fah.) and no circumstance perhaps connected with the torpid state is more wonderful than the variations which, after the almost entire cessation of the circulation, and the complete ceasing of the breathing, take place in this animal heat, the constancy and uniformity of which appear among the most general laws of the whole class to which these animals belong.

'As to the exterior conditions of this lethargy, cold is, in our climates at least, the first. As long, in fact, as the warm season lasts, these animals never become torpid; but immediately that the cold season is felt, then lethargy commences. While their torpor lasts, also, they are to be observed sleeping or awake, according as the temperature is higher or lower; and what is more surprising still, the rising of the temperature is not the only accident that will arouse them. A sudden sinking of the temperature, which, had they been awake, would have brought on their lethargy, should they be already in that state, will arouse them from it.

'A certain and constant degree of cold is therefore necessary, in order that the state of lethargy should take place and be kept up. Next to cold, the most indispensable requisite is repose, and the absence of all excitement; and if what I have already said on the faculty of the animal to produce heat be called to mind; and, in addition to this, if it be considered that it is by motion and exercise especially that this heat is maintained, it will appear that these two conditions, namely, cold and repose, act in a manner nearly similar, the first, by diminishing the external heat; the second by preventing the internal heat from developing itself.

'It has been asserted, that light is hostile to lethargy; and the same thing has been affirmed of the presence of food; but I have found, by experiments, that these two causes, at least in the case of lerots, have very little or any influence.

'With regard to the interior, or organic conditions, it is clear how important it is to determine, in the first place, on what organ, or on what particular organic modification the lethargic state depends, and what is the mechanism which effects this phenomenon.

'On these two points, science, as yet, has not gone beyond conjecture; and as to the first, there are few organs to which, in their turn, those conjectures have not attributed the lethargic effect. But the organs to which most attention has been paid, as in this respect are the brain and the thymus, or the glandular substance situated in the fore part of the throat, and reaching to the chest. This organ, in fact, is at its highest degree of enlargement at the moment when the animal falls into its torpid state. It shrinks to almost nothing at the time when the animal awakes; and in other mammiferous creatures it disappears almost entirely in the adult, and is only fully developed in the fetus, the condition of which, in the womb of the parent, resembles, in so many respects, the state of torpid animals.

'In my experiments on these two organs, I began with the encephalon, and successfully removed different parts of the brain in different lerots, but there was not one, the removal of which prevented the animal from yielding to the lethargic affection; the removal in some even appeared to make it sooner fall into the torpid state.

'The result was the same with the thymus: its removal rather accelerated than retarded the action of the lethargy, I have constantly observed, moreover, that whatever weakens the animal, had much the same effect as the removal of parts of the brain or of the thymus. The youngest and feeblest lerots required a less degree of cold to render them torpid than older and stronger ones.

'These experiments show that it is neither in the

brain nor the thymus, that the principle causing the lethargy resides, but the following observations seem to point out the mechanism on which this phenomenon depends.

'The carotid arteries in a lethargic lerot having been uncovered, and that by an operation which must have been painful, but which the animal scarcely appeared to feel, I found that they did not beat, even after the operation, more than nine or ten pulsations in the minute. Some time afterwards, as the disposition to awake increased, and the respiration tended to recommence, they beat twenty, thirty, then forty-five, afterwards one hundred, and when the breathing was entirely re-established, as many as one hundred and ten pulsations in the minute. This same lerot, being then subjected to the action of cold, I observed the respiration become by degrees weaker and weaker, and the pulsations of the carotids descend to one hundred, then sixty-five, fifty, forty-seven, thirty, twenty, and finally when the respiration had again entirely ceased, to eight or nine, the animal had become completely torpid.

'An experiment was then made to try the effect of an artificial suspension of the respiration. This was effected on a lerot in a wakeful state: the blood of the carotids soon became black, and the number of pulsations gradually diminished; in four minutes they were only thirty-two to the minute; half an hour later they had ceased; the heart itself beat only eight or nine times in the minute, which was precisely the number of pulsations which had been observed in the lerot in complete torpor. By suspending the respiration, therefore, in this experiment, the state of circulation accompanying the state of lethargy, or to speak more exactly, the torpor itself had been produced; for the state of repose in the rest of the economy always depends on the state of the circulation.

'The respiration was afterwards artificially suspended on different lerots, more or less profoundly torpid, and the sum of my observations is as follows: In all, the circulation continued for a certain time after the breathing had ceased; in all, the interval which elapsed between the cessation of the one and that of the other, was longer in proportion as the lethargy was more profound, and the external temperature nearer to the temperature proper to the lethargy. By a suspension interrupted and revived by turns, I was able at last to render the animal lethargic under a degree of cold less than would have been required to reduce it to the torpid state with a free respiration. All concurs, therefore, to prove that the cold acts in producing the state of torpor, through the respiration, and by means of the modifications which it effects in that function.

The following is Mr. Flourens's account of the experiments made by him, to ascertain the effect of temperature on disorders of the lungs.

In the month of May, 1826, being then in the country, a duckling was brought me from a newly-hatched brood. It seemed on the point of dying of suffocation; its beak was wide open; it had the greatest difficulty to breathe, and in an hour or two it died.

'On examining its organs, I found the lungs of a deep red colour, and gorged with blood. The animal had died of a violent inflammation of the chest.

'I went to the place where the other ducklings of the same nest were, and found another which had just fallen into the same state of suffocation as the first I had seen; and while I was examining it a third was suddenly seized before my eyes with an oppression of the chest, so violent that at the very instant of the attack it became motionless, and soon showed all the same symptoms as the first had done. The two last-mentioned ducks also died after a few hours. On examination they both presented the same inflammatory engorgement of the lungs which I had observed in the first: all three, in fact, had died of the same kind of acute pneumonia; and it was evident, moreover, on considering the cold degree of temperature, and the exposure to the north of the place in which they were found, that it was to the

cold, and only to the cold, that these pulmonary inflammations were to be attributed.

'The sudden and violent effect of cold on these young birds reminded me of some observations I had made some years previously on several animals which had been the subjects of my experiments. These animals which had been operated on, in the course of experiments during the warm season, and completely cured, had most of them died of chronic pulmonary inflammation on the first cold weather which succeeded the period of operation.

'The comparison of these effects of cold on different animals, its action so decided and constant on the respiratory organ, the different degrees of chronic or acute inflammation which had occurred under my own eyes, made me sensible that I had in my power the means of direct investigation and experiment on one of the most cruel maladies by which humanity is liable to be afflicted, namely, pulmonary consumption, and I determined to derive all possible advantage from them.

'I first applied myself to ascertain whether in certain given cases cold alone is sufficient to cause pulmonary consumption; and then to discover, if, in such cases, to avoid the cold would be sufficient means of avoiding the malady. I resolved, in the third place, to inquire whether this malady, after it had commenced under the influence of a cold temperature, might not be cured by the simple and only effect of a mild temperature.

The following is detailed by M. Flourens as one among the many experiments made by him in the investigation he had thus proposed to himself:

'Early in October, 1826, I procured a brood of twenty-three chickens about a month old. As soon as the cold commenced, I placed six of these chickens in a place chosen for the purpose, in which I kept up a mild and uniform temperature. Not one of them was attacked with pulmonary consumption.

'Out of eleven chickens which were left exposed in the yard to the variations in the temperature of the atmosphere, all but two died of pulmonary consumption, after having passed through all its various degrees; and the two which survived were small and weak. But the most important results were offered by the six chickens which remain to complete the number of twenty-three.

'I had left them at first with the eleven just mentioned in the common yard, until they showed evident signs of consumption more or less advanced. I then removed them to the place which I had kept at a constant and mild degree of temperature, and left them in company with others which were already kept there.

'Two of these six, which had they been left exposed to the effects of the cold would certainly have died either the very day I removed them from the yard or the following at latest, after having at one time improved in a slight degree in strength, died, the one at the expiration of four days, the other at the end of nine; I found their lungs in a state of complete inflammation and suppuration.

'The other four regained by degrees their vivacity and strength, and at last completely recovered. In the month of April, 1827, when I set them all at liberty, they were quite as well as those which had been constantly kept in a place of warm temperature.

'It now only remained to ascertain the condition of the lungs of these four chickens, and what might be the states in which those organs had been during the time when the signs of their suffering under consumption were so evident.

'I found then in the lungs of all, vestiges of former disease, more or less important, and now cured.

'I have preserved in spirit, and shown to the Academy, one of these cured pair of lungs, in which an entire lobe presented nothing but contracted vesicles, scars of extinct inflammations and suppuration, and evidence not less authentic than consolatory of the powerful influence of warmth, and of the complete cure of a malady to which so many of the human race fall victims,

'These experiments show clearly what is the sort of influence which warm climates have on pulmonary consumption; that it is by effecting the cicatrization of the lungs, when injured by the cold of more rigid climates, that the mild temperature of the south produces the good effects so long observed by the faculty.'

The memoir of M. Flourens concludes with insisting on the important advantages in throwing light on human pathology, which may be derived from observing the diseases of animals, and urges the propriety of forming *national establishments*, on the plan of that proposed by Baglivi, in the seventeenth century, for the express purpose of studying the maladies of animals, in order to enlighten and assist the study of the disorders to which mankind is subject.

FINE ARTS.

PLATES OF 'THE LANDSCAPE' ANNUAL.

It would be difficult to devise a more agreeable mode of spending an hour or two than in turning over the plates of 'The Landscape Annual,' in the presence of a friend who has travelled. Mr. Prout's drawings present us with the beauties of Swiss and Italian scenery in most interesting detail. We may contemplate in them—and we shall not do so with a surprise at least equal to our pleasure—the symptoms of a determination, in which art and nature seem to have marvellously concurred, to form picturesque combinations.

This wonderful correspondence in the character of inanimate and animate nature, and of the productions of art, in those interesting countries, but in Italy more especially, is indeed one among the many peculiar circumstances which attract the early attention of the observing traveller. He no sooner crosses the Alps than he is struck by the admirable adaptation presented by almost every object to pictorial effect: he beholds mountains and buildings, the constructions of nature and those of man, seeming to emulate one another in the boldness and variety of their outline; in the brilliancy of the light courted by their bold projections, and in the depths of the shade which obscures their recesses. The same is the case with the features and costume of the inhabitants. What noble countenances and what squalid attire! Scarcely a figure or head, be it of adult or child, presents itself of which the painter would not desire to make a study. The same spirit, in fact, seems to have breathed immediately over the works of nature, and indirectly through their contriver over the productions of mortals.

Modern artists have proved themselves fully sensible to the value, as subjects for picture, of these happy combinations. Hence our Bonington, Prout, Boys, and several others, have preferred exercising their talent in representing limited and partial views to painting general landscape and widely-extended prospects. That they have done wisely we appeal to the work before us as a proof, and to every untravelled reader as a judge.

How far more vivid and defined are the ideas conveyed by such drawings as Mr. Prout here presents us with, of the nature of the Italian scenes, so constantly the theme of admiration, than those which could possibly be gathered from the most ably-painted general view. How much easier does the describer find it with such plates as these to refer to in illustration of his remarks to make his hearer partake in a degree the enthusiasm of his recollections.

Mr. Prout accompanies the Tourist from Geneva to Rome. His drawings, if not always strictly true and accurate in all their effects, but oftentimes too artificial, are striking pictures. They are all sparkling and powerful, highly characteristic in the general, and sufficiently faithful in the detail.

Among the most beautiful pictures, although it is difficult to make a preference, we may distinguish the beautiful 'Piazza' at Vicenza, 'The Bridge of Sighs' at Venice. 'The Rialto' is altogether a

failure; and the 'View on the Grand Canal' is less effective than it might have been; the subject forms one of the most remarkable and interesting architectural landscapes in existence. 'The Piazza del Duomo,' at Milan, is extremely brilliant and really marvellously; the scene is a rich one: and 'The Castle of Ferrara' is one of the best pictures in the set.

The work is on the whole highly creditable to Mr. Prout; but we cannot deny that we are pleased to hear that it is the intention of the proprietors, in 'The Landscape Annual' of next year, not to confine their illustrations to the drawings of a single artist.

PLATES OF 'THE LITERARY SOUVENIR' AND 'BIJOU.'

WHATEVER may be the case with the literary matter which goes to compose the *Annals*, and we have shown that we are by no means disposed to deny their deterioration, we are certain that no complaint of a falling off from former excellence can be alleged against the illustrations. Compared with the corresponding publications of the last season, no very great improvement, perhaps, may be perceptible, but on going back two or three years, the good effect of experience in the getting up of these elegant *cadeaux* will be very conspicuous. We should be sorry then, for the sake of the arts and of engravers more especially should it prove true, as is reported, that the taste for this sort of productions is on the decline. We do not pretend that plates of the class in which the *Annals* principally abound, are calculated to create that kind of taste in art which we desire to see prevail, yet to excite at all in the multitude an interest for the productions of the pencil or the burin, is far too desirable an object to be neglected, or to permit our beholding without regret the failure of any means likely to promote it.

The two *Annals* whose titles we have placed above, are pretty nearly on an equality in point of embellishment.

The *Bijou* may be said to be rich in copies of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence: it has two delightful half-length portraits of his, namely, 'the King,' and 'Mrs. Arbuthnot;' the former a spirited head, well engraved, by Ensom; the second, by the same burin, a lovely picture, and agreeably deficient in that patrician style which has been so much vaunted in the female portraits of our President. The 'African Daughter,' is by Bonington, and of course cannot but be good; yet it is not one of his happiest performances. 'The Bag Piper' of Wilkie is a most effective plate, but it has been engraved before. The grouping of 'Milton dictating to his Daughters,' by Stothard, is simple and pretty, and the females have a singular character, more angelic than human, but the picture is not free from affectation.

The medallion portrait of 'Ada' would have been prettier, we think, without the shoulders: it is a sweet head, and the countenance has in itself sufficient character without the aid derived from the inclination in the neck, which, although it may add to the expression, gives the portrait an air of affectation any thing but pleasing.

Of the plates in 'The Literary Souvenir,' we have already alluded to one, the 'Sisters of Scio,' by Phalipon. It is indeed a sweet group, delightfully graceful and simple, both in the general design and in the details. It is moreover full of sentiment and feeling. The engraving by Rolls partakes the delicacy of the original. 'Oberon and Titania,' from a painting by Mr. Howard, R.A. is a rich composition, beautifully engraved by Edwards.

'Childe Harold and Ianthe' is a monstrous conceit; 'Jacob's Dream,' by W. Allstone, A.R.A. is a singular but very beautiful conception, and the 'Fille bien gardée,' of Chalon, engraved by Rolls, is much admired by persons whose taste is well entitled to respect. The 'Tournament,' is a very

pleasing English landscape composition by Mr. Martin. 'The Brigand's Wife,' by Uwins, is engraved with great effect, by Rolls, and forms a very apposite illustration to a very interesting tale, 'The Forest of Eufemia,' by the author of 'Constantinople in 1828.'

NEW MUSIC.

The Vine Dressers: Song and Trio, written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk, composed by John Barnett. Mayhew and Lee.

GAY, lively, and familiar; but originality quite out of the question; it has not been attempted, except (as is too usually the case,) in the lithographic sketch on the title.

Drouët's Twelve Progressive Lessons for the acquirement of Time, for two Flutes; eight extracted from his celebrated Method, and four others on favourite Melodies, written expressly for this edition. Cocks and Co.

To play well in time upon any instrument is supereminently necessary, as well as difficult, and any publication that tends to assist and elucidate this branch of musical study, must be hailed as unusually serviceable. Drouët's work is well and carefully arranged, and his introductory preface and written instructions are plain and concise. His lessons are written in four major, and four minor keys, with scales in each, accompanied by extremely useful marks, indicating where the performer is to take breath; and his four favourite melodies are, 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Home, sweet home,' 'Cease your funning,' and 'My lodging is on the cold ground.' The work, altogether, must form a valuable feature in the very useful and extensive catalogue of flute music published by Cocks and Co.

Thème Allemande, with Variations for the Harp, composed and dedicated to Miss Bell; by W. Henry Steil. Paine and Hopkins.

THIS is chiefly an adaptation of Kalbrenner's very pleasing and useful piece of a similar name, and Mr. Steil might have had the candour to have acknowledged who has the best title to be denominated the composer of it. We have mentioned this old German theme in 'The Athenæum,' No. 92, p. 477, under the title of 'Day-break,' as sung by the Bohemian brothers, and an ancient and well-known air it is, perhaps as much so as 'God save the King' in England.

'Drink and drown the Thought of Woe,' a favourite German drinking Song; the Words, a free Translation from the German of Langbein. Ewer and Johanning.

THIS tune is quite a prototype of that last above noticed, and is quite as old and well known. A convivial, anacreontic, and characteristic song, forming No. 11 of 'The Foreign Popular Melodies,' principally German, published by Ewer and Co.

Select Melodies of various Nations, arranged with Embellishments for the Flute, with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for the Piano-forte; by Raphael Dressler, (No. 3.) Cocks and Co.

DRESSLER's indefatigable pen is constantly employed in promoting amusement and instruction to the amateur flutist. His third number comprises the following twelve choice scraps, well and clearly arranged, published at a very moderate price.

No. 1, Rossini's slow movement from his overture to 'Semiramide.' No. 2, the subsequent quick movement. No. 3, Beethoven's last waltz, 'Le Désir.' No. 4, Storace's old English melody, 'The lullaby.' No. 5, Weber's march in 'Der Freischütz.' No. 6, a parody upon the 'Swiss Boy.' No. 7, the quick movement from the overture of 'Tancredi.' No. 8, Marlbrook. No. 9, the beautiful Andante

from Mozart's 5th quintetto, which was so successfully introduced by Dr. Arnold in 'Obi, or Three Finger'd Jack.' No. 10, Cruda Sorte. No. 11, 'Here's a health to them that's awa,' and No. 12, 'Kenmure's on and awa.'

'Until we meet again,' a Ballad; the Music by Charles T. Martyn; the Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayley. Addison and Beale.

With a nice discrimination, the composer has here produced a little song of great sweetness and taste, so constructed withal as not to demand for its execution more than the ordinary vocal and instrumental capability. We know well how difficult it is in musical matters to reconcile beauty with facility, and we attribute more merit to such success than to the accomplishment of those laborious difficulties, respecting which Dr. Johnson emphatically wished that they were impossible. In the melody of the present composition there is a graceful and continuous undulation that supports and carries forward the subject to the end with happy effect. We think, however, that in the last bar of each symphony, a flat to the A and a natural to the F is wanting in the chord of the dominant seventh, immediately preceding the closing note, in contradiction to the sharp and natural employed in the previous passage. Altogether, we regard this as a very agreeable addition to the stock of elegant chamber-music.

MISCELLANIES.

DAHLIAS.—Dahlias were first introduced into Spain from Mexico, in 1787. In the year 1802, three specimens reached Paris, an account of which was published by Monsieur Thouin, in the 'Annales du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle.' They were first cultivated in the hot-house, and propagated by seedlings, some of which being removed to the open air, were destroyed in one night by a slight frost. Thouin, however, did not despair of being able to change, in time, their habits, and acclimate them in France. In support of his opinion, he instances two plants from the same country, the marvel, and long-flowered marvel of Peru, which though very tender and delicate, when first introduced, had become more hardy, especially the former, which often sprung up in the parterres of self-sown seeds.—*The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

THE LAUREL.—The laurel was introduced early in the seventeenth century, by one Cole, a merchant, residing at Hampstead, who tells us that he used to cast a blanket over it to protect it in frosty weather. This shrub has not yet become entirely acclimated, as it often suffers considerably in severe frosts; yet it is a well known fact, that plants raised from cuttings of such as have grown in this country, are more hardy, and thrive better, than those produced from seeds which had been imported from the warmer climate of which the laurel is a native.—*Id.*

POTATOES.—Potatoes were introduced about the middle of the sixteenth century, and it appears from the details collected on the subject, that they were first brought into Europe from the mountainous parts of South America. Potatoes have not been grown in gardens in Britain more than 170 years; nor, to any extent in the fields, above seventy-five. During this time, they have been cultivated with the greatest care; but it is not many years since they became naturalized sufficiently to ripen their seeds; and, even now, after a cold and frosty night, we often find whole fields of potatoes become nearly black, excepting in situations where they are protected by a hedge or trees from the inclemency of the weather. In the Highlands of Scotland, this is particularly the case. Frost frequently occurs early in September, and the crop, in consequence, is often prematurely destroyed. It becomes, therefore, of the greatest importance that the seeds should be sown, not only, as is generally the case, to obtain new varieties, but to endeavour to produce

a plant more hardy, and capable of withstanding, at least, the first frosts of winter.—*Id.*

MODERATION OF ANCIENT CHURCHWARDENS.—In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Clement Danes, at the time the present church was building, there is a charge of one shilling and sixpence for refreshments at a coffee-house, for the churchwardens and Dr. Wren (Sir Christopher) after a survey of the building, in which they had officially attended him. This is hardly surpassed by an entry in the churchwardens' account of St. Margaret, Westminster, for 1476. (two centuries earlier,) quoted by Hallam, in his 'State of Europe during the Middle Ages;' 'Also paid to Roger Fylpot, learned in the law, for his counsel giving, three shillings and eight pence, with four-pence for his dinner.'

CHRISTINA AND RITTA.—The two girls in one; being two bodies from the navel upwards, and one in the inferior members, of whom mention has been already more than once made in 'The Athenæum,' arrived alive in Paris on the 26th of October, and were presented on the following day at the Museum of Natural History. They were born, it appears, at Sassari, in Sardinia, in the beginning of last March. M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire has since complained to the Academy, that the Prefect of Police had interfered to prevent the father from exhibiting his offspring to the savans of Paris; parent and child were therefore about to quit Paris for London.

VIPERS OCCASIONALLY VIVIPAROUS.—At the sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, of the 19th October, a letter was read from M. Robineau Desvoidy, communicating certain observations which it had occurred to him to make on two vipers, and which he regarded as extremely interesting. Having found a common viper, the belly of which was swollen to an extraordinary size, he opened it and found within a great number of its young alive. This fact he said surprised him the more, as all authors concur in representing vipers to be oviparous animals. Another fact reported by M. Robineau Desvoidy, was still more singular. He had observed, in the uterus of the red serpent or viper, more than three thousand young in different stages of gestation. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, to whom with M. Duméril it was referred to report on the letter of M. Robineau Desvoidy, immediately addressed the Academy, and observed, that the fact of finding living foetus in the uterus of the common viper, was by no means marvellous; for it was well known to naturalists that these reptiles, although generally oviparous, might at will be rendered viviparous. In order to make them give birth to living offspring, it was sufficient to subject them to circumstances which would prevent them shedding their skin. The individual animal referred to by M. Robineau Desvoidy, M. Geoffroy concluded to have been, by some disordered disposition of its system, thrown into the situation which it is in the power of art to subject it. As to the wonder of the three thousand young found in one uterus, M. Geoffroy was not prepared at the moment to speak to the point. In a note to this report, 'Le Globe' adds,—'In order to prevent a viper from changing its skin, it will be enough to keep it shut up in the shade, and it is a question whether the absence of the solar influence performs the principal part in this phenomenon, or whether the cause of it is to be sought in the obstacle presented by a confined place to the profuse evaporation which takes place on the surface of the skin of reptiles.'

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD 'BOLERO.'—'The word bolero—*Saltationis Hispania genus*, is derived from the verb *volar*, or from the Spanish noun *volo*, which is the same as *volo*, the sense of which has probably been applied to the bolero, from the lightness with which it ought to be executed.'—*Blasis.*

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. Valpy has issued a prospectus for publishing 'A Family Classical Library;' or, English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics, in monthly volumes, with a Biographical Sketch of each author, and Notes, when necessary, for the purpose of illustration.—Vol. I. will appear on the first of January next. The series is not expected to exceed forty volumes. Subscribers may be supplied with any author separately.

The 'Antigone' of Sophocles, for 5s. by Dr. Brasse.

The Juvenile Annual, entitled 'Affection's Offering,' which made its first appearance last year, at the low price of Four Shillings, will be published in a few days at the same price, with increased attractions.

A Second Edition of 'Lectures on English Poetry,' with Historical Tales and Miscellaneous Poems; being the literary remains of the late Henry Neele, is now in the press, and will be shortly published, in one thick volume.

Delineations of the North-Western Division of the County of Somerset, with a Descriptive Account of the Antediluvian Bone Caverns in the Mendip Hills; and a Geological Sketch of the District. By John Rutter. Illustrated with six Engravings on copper, six on stone, upwards of thirty on wood, and a Map coloured geologically.

Mr. Rutter has also just published a Series of Views, consisting of twenty Additional Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Domestic Architecture of the North-Western Division of Somersetshire.

The Editor of the first sixteen volumes of 'Time's Telescope,' has announced that he is in no way connected with the forthcoming volume for 1830.

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Nov.	Therm. A.M. at Noon	Barom. at Noon	Winds	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 9.43	45	29.82	N.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 10.46	48	29.83	S.W.	Rain, P.M.	Ditto.
Wed. 11.40	45	29.71	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thur. 12.52	43	29.71	W.	Rain.	Ditto.
Frid. 13.49	48	29.87	N.E.	Cloudy.	Cirro-Cum.
Sat. 14.12	45	29.99	S.W.	Foggy.	Cirrostratus
Sun. 15.47	40	29.73	W.	Rain, P.M.	Cumulus.

Nights and mornings moist or rainy towards the end of the week. Frost on Monday morning.

Mean temperature of the week, 45°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.84.

Highest temperature at noon, 53°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Saturn quartile on Tuesday.
Mercury at his greatest elongation on Saturday.
Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 19° 3' in Sagitt.
Venus's ditto ditto 6° 22' in Capri.
Sun's ditto ditto 22° 53' in Scorpi.
Length of day on Sunday, 8 h. 45 m.; decreased 7 h. 46 m.
Sun's horary motion, 2' 31" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99436.

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